The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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Poetry.

EVELYN HOPE.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed:
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love: beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside.

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love,—
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? Let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Alice Cary, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER V.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

The small boys were not less infected than the larger, and would fain have kicked up their heels like calves in the May sunshine, but obliged as they were to suppress themselves, in some sort, they for the most part, giggled and whispered, spit through the knot-holes of the benches, and converted their spelling books into fly-traps.

But Wesley Smith became so unfortunately exhilarated as to be almost, if not entirely, irresponsible.

His peculiar orphanage, always uppermost in his thoughts, prompted him to relate the melancholy story of his father's "*taking off*." "He was crossing'd a river, coming'd home one night," Wesley said, "and the boat happening'd to upset, he was drownded."

"Did they ever drag him out?" inquired one of the little lads who listened.

"No," said Wesley! "He never'd was dragged out, and never'd having'd seen no picture of him nor no grave, it mostly seems to me that I was made a' orphan from the beginning'd!"

Poor, poor little Wesley! He had builded better than he knew.

Sammy Simpson, touched in some blind way, and in spite of himself, surreptitiously conveyed a broken penknife from his own pocket to that of Wesley, striking him dumb with surprise, amounting almost to terror,

"What's it for?" he said, in a bewildered way.

"Nothing," says Sammy—"don't let nobody see it."

"Then take it back!"

"Why no, Wes., haint you got no sense? its for you to keep!"

"To be mine, always?"

"Yes, put it up, quick—it's yours—a present."

The fact got to his muddled brain after a while. "Sammy," says he, the tears standing in his dumb ox-like eyes, "I'll keep this as long'd as I live—it's the first time that anybody, except mother, ever give me, of their own free will, anything'd in all my life. What made you do it, Sam, anyhow?"

Sally Ripley, meanwhile, had waxed wroth, and she communed with her heart, as to how she might be instrumental in bringing the schoolmaster, Mr. Courtney Ludlow, to grief. When woman's love is turned to hate, it is perhaps more hateful than any other hatred; and though Sally was not in love, she was not insensible to her master's handsome face, and insinuating compliments, and that very morning he had stolen a rose from her belt and worn it in his button-hole; that very morning when she reached him her pen to mend he had taken her hand with it, and the copy he had set in her copy-book that very day, was:

"Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to depart from following after thee."

Is it strange, then, that she had secretly hoped to receive in her affliction some demonstration of interest and tenderness? Is it strange that she became aggressive in her desire to elicit the recognition so perversely withheld? for not a smile, nor a look on the part of the master, indicated that she was any more to him than was the freckle-faced youth, with one eye swollen shut by a bee sting.

Now she adjusted the bandage, groaning audibly, now she limped across the floor, with the crutch under her arm, and the wounded foot drawn up, and now she leaned her head on the desk before her, and affected to weep, until with the bitterness of vexation and disappointment the pretence became a verity.

At last, in the blindness and bewilderment of her passion, she made a desperate venture—with her book in one hand, and swinging herself sideways upon her crutch, she made her way towards the master's desk, went very close to the master, in fact, almost leaned upon his arm, as she feigned to make some inquiry concerning the lesson for the afternoon, thus begging, as it were, some token of sympathy and interest. She elicited none whatever. He replied to the question with concise coldness and indifference, twirling the key of his watch, and never so much as looking up.

Sally turned away, but midway of the floor, she stopped, the crutch fell from her arm—perhaps by accident, perhaps not—and after keeping unsteady footing for a moment, she stretched one hand, as if asking aid, staggered, and with a cry of anguish or anger, fell to the ground.

Courtney Ludlow turned his eyes upon her now, turned them full, freezingly upon her, and said with a sarcastic smile, and without rising, "Get up, Sally Ripley, and take your seat."

She did get up without his assistance, went to her seat, without his, or any other assistance, and being in her seat she communed again, with her outraged heart, as to the best means of bringing him to grief.

She had mistaken her man—poor Sally—her style was bold, dashing, proud, defiant, and to be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought—to be dependent and exacting, was to transform herself to the dreadfullest disadvantage. If she had been rosy, smiling, and comfortably careless, she would doubtless have received from the master one of those brilliant smiles that would have made her believe, as i did every woman upon whom it fell, that she was an especial darling.

And here a word concerning this same schoolmaster, though I can hardly hop to make him

intelligible to my reader. How should I? He failed to make himself intelligible to any one—he was not, I think, intelligible to himself. He never, certainly, was an authority to himself, much less to another.

Woman, he regarded as created solely for the pleasure of man, and therefore as having no right under any circumstances to be other than joyous, beautiful, and serviceable. It is no wonder, therefore, that, while professing the profoundest allegiance—and he was certainly a large professor in this regard—he should be at the same time selfish, tyrannical and treacherous.

In his dealing with men, pride—not principle—made his behavior what is called upright and honorable. Personally, he was handsome, tall, straight, sound from head to foot, and there was about him a dash, an audacity, a barbaric splendor, so to speak, that charmed and fascinated, against the better judgment.

He possessed, too, certain qualities of manhood—that one great quality which captivates the hearts of women, more readily than morality, genius, or religion; more than all put together, perhaps. Sometimes, in his better moods, he would seem to see and to feel all his unworthiness, and at any word of praise or compliment dropped at once into the ingenuous simplicity, and great glad wonderment of a little child—as though he should say—"this from *you*? and to *me*! You among the clouds—I groveling in the dust!" He possessed a considerable fortune, and larger education than most of the people among whom he lived, was still under thirty—unmarried, and a flatterer of every woman he met, by a certain gallantry of manner, if not otherwise; for, though a barbarian, he could very gracefully avail himself of the courtesies of life—so gracefully, indeed, that society made itself accessible to him at all times, and in spite of reputed irregularities—more's the pity.

Notwithstanding all amenities, however, all generous impulses, all sweetness and grace, he was liable at any moment, like some shining and half-tamed beast, to spring from your very caress, and go back to his nature. A genuine lover of the wild woods and of wild ways, he half scorned his own civilization, and was never so thoroughly in harmony with men or women, as with the buffalo bull, and the grizzly bear. N person, therefore, could have been less fitted than he for the position he held; and yet, there he was, voluntarily, and with the consent and approval of the best families of the neighborhood; he fully sensible of his unfitness, they partially so.

How came he there? All his life would be required for explanation, but a single incident, will be pregnant with suggestion. Let me premise by saying, that though he had small faith in God, he believed in the devil, and was dreadfully afraid of him. Moreover, he was superstitious, as all strong natures are likely to be; he sometimes suffered what he supposed to be the pangs of remorse, but it was probably terror concerning the future, rather than contrition for the past, that made him hang his head. Be that as it may, his determination to become a schoolmaster was arrived at in the following circumstances:

It was one of those wild threatening nights, that suggest a great deal besides storms—the wind moaned, and cried as it blew, and the clouds flew about the sky, crossing and recrossing in all directions—one moment the moon was put out, and the next, flaming with strange, solemn splendor. A night to make the belated traveller think of ghosts, whether or not he believed in them, and to look askance at the neglected grave-yard, as he passed along; and one of the most dismal and brier-grown of these ghostly places, lay within a stone's throw of the school house, of which my story tells. On the night referred to, a prayer-meeting was being held there, and the voice, now of exhortation and appeal, now of denunciation and wrath, might have been heard a long way off, and as it happened, was heard a long way off, by Mr. Courtney Ludlow, who chanced to be riding that way homeward from far other than a prayer-meeting. The wild wail, was so in harmony with the wild night, imagination was roused—memory quickened perhaps; at any rate, he slackened the bridle-rein, as he approached the grave-yard, and rode softly. The long, loose grass on the low mounds, seemed to be lifting itself up, and the white high-shouldered headstones to be rocking to and fro, the brier-vines, that hung over the wall, seemed not to be brier-vines any more, swaying mutely, but the arms of phantoms that beckoned him. He was awe-stricken—he was afraid—the world was at an end, maybe the judgment at hand, and the words of the fierce zealot—"Depart, ye cursed!" struck upon his soul with almost the force of final fiat. So he rode softly, and uncovering his head, bowed reverently. The candle-light streamed out through the windows, and as he came closer, he could plainly discern the humble and devout congregation, now kneeling in prayer.

At another time, and in another mood, the scene would have awakened in him the impulse to jest, or to scoff, but there was enough of religious sentiment in his nature to enable him, when it chanced to be active, to respect the religion of others, and this happened to be the active moment. He would almost have joined in the hymn, when the people stood up and began to sing—

From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend.

Among the voices, there was one—that of a woman, sweet and low as the call of a mother-bird—tender as a lullaby, that he recognized. Years before he had heard it, when its notes trembled with love and hope, as they did now with sorrow and despair; he involuntarily clutched his bosom, as if he would have gathered up his heart in his hand; it seemed to him to be bleeding; he felt it ache as if it were stabbed through and through.

Presently he rode closer to the window, caressing the full mane and the sleek ears of the beautiful chestnut he sat, with touches almost loving; but his eyes, the while, were on the bright hair that fell in negligent half curl down a cheek almost ashen in its paleness.

"My God!"—he said—"what gift can I offer! what penance can I perform! I will give anything, suffer anything, to be rid of this terrible demon that pursues me!"

If he could have done some great thing, he, like many another, would have been ready to do it; he did not know that the waters were right at hand, and that he had only to wash and be clean. How should he? When his very cry was the cry of a selfish—not of a contrite heart. What should he do to be rid of the demon—not what should he do to be a better man!

One moment, almost ready to implore the praying people to pray for him, he had the next moment gathered up the loose rein, struck the sharp spur and was dashing away.

A day or two after this, with eyes flashing, and cheeks hot with a half-frightened radiance—with smile darkened and hand trembling, he offered himself, to the astonishment of the neighborhood, as candidate for the office of school-master; terms—gratis!

What could that mean? Ah! there was the question—what could it mean, sure enough!

It was his whim, Mr. Ludlow said, to give his services—they would not be worth much, at the best, he was afraid; but at any rate, the obligation would be on his part. He had nothing to do—time was heavy on his hands, and perhaps the temptation of a free school, would bring in certain urchins, running wild about the neighborhood, at present.

It is probable that there was but one urchin in the mind of this strange man, and it is possible that he hoped, the doing of what was of all things most repulsive to himself, might buy peace to his conscience.

He explained only as just stated, and was taken at his word.

The district school had never had a college-bred man for master, and it rose to quite an academical dignity at once. "A fine finishing for our girls!" thought the ambitious mothers; and they generously resolved to take upon themselves double work, and spare the elder ones, at any rate.

So there he was, rowdy, rake, barbarian—school-master! and with more young women confided to his care than ever his worthiest predecessor had. So strangely things come about. But it could not have been that the handsome person, fine horses, and fine estate of the young man disqualified the judgment of the good mothers! not consciously to themselves, surely not.

Sally Ripley's place was by the side of Dorcas Gresham, and speaking behind her book, she said, "I hate Court. Ludlow! I wish he was dead this minute! Don't you, Dorc.?" Dorcas drew herself slightly away, but said nothing. Sally pulled her sleeve persistently—"I say Dorc, don't you hate him?"

"No, why should I hate him, he is nothing to me!"

"Nothing to you! Humph! I see how 'tis; that wretch 'd b'guile an angel—an' he has b'fore now! Did you ever hear t'he was engaged to a girl somewhere 't drowned herself?"

Dorcas laughed at the wildness of the intimation, but the laughter was not hearty—"No, she had never heard it; she never paid much attention to idle gossip."

Sally pouted a moment, then she said—"Well, if you don't hate him, don't for merc's sake respect him, cause he ain't respectful! I could tell you things 'bout him."

"Pray don't"—said Dorcas, interrupting her—"I don't want to hear them—besides I havn't time, I must get my lesson."

"Don't make excuses Dorc's—I see how 'tis—but don't you b'lieve him! he's said the very words t' me, he has t' u, I'll warrant! f'r instance—"

"Don't, Sally, don't bother me! I'll be called to recite directly, and I wont know a word of my lesson!"

"Excuse me, Miss Dorc's! didn't know b'fore things was th' way things is! Wish you much joy! S'pose you'll take Wesley home?"

The cheeks of Dorcas glowed like coals of fire but she did not speak nor glance aside from her book.

Sally had her on the hip—she perceived her advantage, and pressed it—"Poor Rachel"—he said—"shall you have her at the wedding?'

"Really, Sally, I don't know what you mean,"—Dorcas said, forced to speak at last. "You talk in riddles, and as I told you before, I have no time to guess them." But her tone indicated that she had guessed, and was both hurt and offended.

"I can speak plain 'nough 'f 'ou want t' hear it"—Sally replied.

"I tell you once for all, I don't want to hear it; you have said more already than you have any right to say; Mr. Ludlow, I would have you know, is nothing to me, or I to him."

"Don't go to be Vi'l't Varney, over again, you tell biggest story 't ever was! Hain't I got no eyes d'u s'pose! Hav'n't I seen th' master whisper to you more 'n once when he was leanin' over you, pretendin' to 'lucidate some thin' 'nother! and don't he al'rs come and set by you, t' hear you read, when he makes th' rest of us go t' him, and stand up! and when you couldn't spell amb'guity t'other day, didn't he give 't out 's though 'twas forty syl'bles? *Am-bi-gu-i-ty!* 'Twasn't so ambig'us as he thought 'twas. No, Dorc., I ain't blind—I wish I was—'cause he aint fit for you to like! he's the wick'dest o' the wicked!"

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness on my account"—Dorcas said, smiling, but the smile was unsympathetic, was chilling, in fact.

Sally had that day betrayed some of the secrets of her father's house and her tongue once loosened, there seemed no where to stop—it was as if a breach had been made in a dam, and the pent up waters poured through. Rachel Smith was her mother's cousin, and had of late years been one of the Ripley household. She had not unfrequently listened to those masked conversations which older persons are in the habit of carrying on in the presence of younger, and she had understood more, as young persons are apt to do, than was expected, and now she had mercilessly given to Dorcas, through terrible hints, the result of her conclusions.

If she had been of a more refined nature herself—if she had been older—or wiser, if she had been anything but just what she was, she would not have done this; because, in the first place, she would not thus have put the heart of her friend to torture, for she knew that Dorcas was fond of the school-master; and in the next place, she would have known that an idol may not be rudely broken before the eyes of the worshipper; that in such cases, the image-breaker, becomes hateful, not the image.

Sally became aware of her mistake before long, but the failure to enlist Dorcas against the master, did not discourage her own zeal against him. She would have him insulted in some way, and through somebody.

Turning her face to the wall, she laid a plot, in which some daring conspirator was to remove the chair, just as he was about to seat himself; and, having reduced the plan to writing, she caused it to be circulated about the house for signatures, but no lad was found desperate enough thus to throw personal considerations aside; for the master, as all knew, was not a man largely endowed with the quality of mercy. It was therefore all in vain that Sally urged the grandeur, the glory of the act—in vain she branded the master as Luc'pher, and signed herself, "Friend o' th' boys!"

It couldn't be done. But there was yet one possibility. Wesley Smith might be made the blind instrument of some vindictive project. Would he take the master's rod, from before his very eyes, and throw it into the big road! And she conveyed to him through "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," the assurance, that if he would do her this trifling favor, he would not only elevate himself in the estimation of the whole school, but moreover, win her everlasting gratitude and regard.

Poor, poor boy—a faint hope illuminated the troubled darkness of his mind. "Sally," he said, "Sally Ripley, tell me one thing'd—will it make me reg'lar, any-ways?"

"It will make you anythin' you want to be!"

He did hesitate—just a little, just till the master's back was turned; and then seizing the rod, he whirled it into the road, producing the wildest excitement.

Two or three boys spoke *out aloud*, some others dropped their books; a dozen girls rose to their feet, and a general buzz ran round the house.

Wesley, the while, terrified and trembling, dropped into his seat and began to cry.

The schoolmaster with a wave of his hand put down the general tumult, and then fixing his clear grey eyes upon Wesley, as though he looked him through and through, he said, "Why are you crying, boy? What's your name?"

Wesley, who was too much frightened, both with what he had done and from apprehension, to have even the ordinary use of his always muddled brain, answered with a comical mixture of ignorance and wisdom that was pathetic:

"I hain't got no name, Master Ludlow—none that's reg'lar; call me anything'd you please!"

The laughter ran all around the room in titters; Dorcas lifted her eyes and looked at the master with a steady, cold, searching glance; his dropped before her, and his face reddened almost to blackness; then she smiled a quiet, conclusive smile, that set him raging. He was at that time especially attracted to Dorcas—perhaps he thought himself in love with her—and perhaps he was, after his fashion. But for the moment he was at enmity with her—with himself, with everything, and must wreak his vengeance somewhere.

One and another was called to account, and the truth about Wesley came out directly. Almost everybody in school had seen him throw away the rod, and if the offence could have been aggravated, all were ready to aggravate it.

Verily, the sins of the parents are visited upon the children; and at a dreadful rate, sometimes.

Dorcas grew pale and red by fits—she could not look at Wesley, she could not look at the master—she could not even pretend to study her book. She had felt the impending doom before Wesley was ordered to go out and cut a switch, as he was, presently; and what would she not have given to avert that doom. Not for Wesley's sake alone, if the truth must be told—she feared for the reputation of the master!

O, heart of woman! Mystery of mysteries!

There was a hush of suspense all over the house. Wesley staggered to his feet, and seemed trying to obey the order, but it was as it his legs would not carry him; he had no control of his muscles, apparently—his arms fell helpless, his eyes rolled, and his lip turned itself inside out, nearly. At last he said, bending all his body towards the master: "I didn't mean to do nothing'd wrong; and the doing'd it wasn't of my own will; she told me to," and he looked at Sally.

"Who told you?" demanded the master—but his glance had followed that of the lad, and he knew well enough who it was. Sally was error-stricken, and answered not a word.

"Who told you," repeated the master—"speak it out, you dumb dunce!"

"Master Ludlow," pleaded Wesley—"hain't I got no right to nothing'd like a name? and must all them 'at ain't reg'lar' be called dunces?"

"Don't think to evade me," cried the master, springing towards the boy, as a wild beast towards its prey. "Say who it was, or say you have lied."

One beseeching look to Sally—she did not lift her eyes—then the bent figure gathered itself up a little, and the martyr answered courageously: "Nobody did'nt tell me to do it. I have done everything'd myself."

"So you own you are guilty of a double crime! You must have been born depraved."

"I don't know just how it was," Wesley said, "only it wasn't reg'lar."

The master suddenly put his hands behind him, as if he feared they would catch and strangle the lad, and once more ordered him to go and fetch a stick.

"Mr. Ludlow," Dorcas said, rising to her feet, and with so much feeling crushed into her words as to make them quite unsteady, "it was I who told Wesley to throw away the stick."

She had lifted one finger behind the open page of her book, so that only he might see it, and with eager eyes fastened upon him, waited his reply.

The angry color in his cheek softened by a shade or two, and there was a special meaning underlying the words, as he answered: "You will please remain after school is dismissed; I will settle with you, then."

Dorcas bowed her head, still keeping the finger uplifted behind the leaves of her book, and sat down. She could not for the life of her have helped speaking. It was as if some power external to herself had forced the words from her, and, almost before she knew it, they were out. No scholar but her would have dared to thus interpose a falsehood in behalf of poor Wesley, and the act was in some sort a confession to herself and to him of relations not hitherto acknowledged. She saw it, now that it was done, and confusion blazed up in her face like a fire.

(*To be continued.*)

ONE OF THE STRONG-MINDED.

In the absence of the proprietor of The Revolution, who is *supposed* to be the subject of the following sketch, a supernumerary presumes to insert it in its columns. It is a leading editorial in *Packard's Monthly* for February:

In the summer of 1861, it was our privilege to attend the State Teachers' Association, which held its annual session in the city of Syracuse. The presiding officer was Dr. J. N. McElligott of New York, now some years deceased; and a more capable officer, in every respect, never directed the action of a deliberative body. Among the prominent members of this association were a few—five or six—ladies, who, occupying important places in the profession, were in every way entitled to an equality of rights in its deliberations and work. Of these ladies was Miss Susan B. Anthony, at that time, as more notably since, known as "one of the strong-minded." It was the first time we had seen this much talked of "champion," and we were, of course, deeply interested in her sayings and doings. She took her seat on the platform

with the reporters, clerical officers, and distinguished guests, and whatever distinctions others sought to make between the sexes she watchfully and persistently ignored. She would accept nothing as a mere courtesy which a gentleman might not, and would concede no right which belonged to any member, claiming—what was technically and constitutionally hers—full recognition and equality as a member of the association. Dr. McElligott, who was impartial in his rulings, had the good sense—though in his feelings opposed to modern Woman's Rights—to take this "female" member at her own rating, and treat her, in all respects, as though she were a man. He probably thought to dampen her ardor—possibly to awaken her dislike; if so, he reckoned without his host—or hostess. The lady met him half way, and more; she became enamored of his fine sense of justice, and accepted his rulings—especially when against herself—not simply with stoical philosophy, but with calm content and evident delight. She became a warm partisan of the Doctor, urged his re-election, and in spite of his own positive and repeated refusals to accept the position, came within a very few votes of forcing him to *resign* rather than *decline*. This view of Miss Anthony's character has never left us; and in all the revilings and senseless contumely that have beset her, in the rough path she has chosen, we have been able to see her only as the calm, just woman, who asks no favors and will accept no short weights.

A more recent occurrence, which has been circumstantially detailed to us, will place these characteristics in still better relief. As the world knows, Miss Anthony was unable to establish her credentials at the late Workingmen's Convention at Philadelphia. She tried faithfully enough, and failed only for want of votes. Fifty stalwart men, in pantaloons and whiskers, stood up against the one woman in spectacles and she was counted out. An intimate friend and colaborer, who sympathized with her in the defeat, and desired to show that sympathy in an acceptable way, met her at the station on her return to New York. She expected to see the "dear girl" overcome with chagrin and mortification at her non-success, and wanted her to know that she had friends who appreciated and would stand by her. Miss Anthony met her with a radiant countenance, and before she could even commence her words of commiseration, overwhelmed her with a glowing account of the Convention and its results.

"I tell you," she said, "it was worth a lifetime to see those fifty men stand up for *principle!*"

"But they stood up against *you!*" said her friend.

"All the better," was the quick reply; "it gave me a more just conception of the virtue and power of individual expression. I tell you it was *glorious*, and I would not have missed it for the world."

"Well," said her friend, "I came here to comfort and condole with you, but you have turned the tables, and seem more disposed to pity me."

"Well, indeed I do," was the reply. "You missed a great treat. You should have been at Philadelphia."

Directly in th sline was the conduct of this "strong-minded" woman at the recent Cleveland Convention, where, instead of being quietly shelved or placed in the background, she became through the simplest tact and good sense a prominent and specially honored member. If there were any who imagined that the prime-mover in Woman's Suffrage was destined to take a back seat, the scales must have fallen from their eyes when, by unanimous vote, she was invited to a place upon the platform; and if not then, surely when, stepping to the front, she said in those clear, distinct, unwavering tones, and with that self-complacent air which comes through much buffetting: "I care not what estimate this Convention may put on *my* labors; whether all that I have done in the past or may do in the future be ignored or blotted out is of little consequence to me, so that your voice go out with the authority that shall constrain our representatives in Congress to submit to the people of the states the *Sixteenth Amendment*. Only let this be done, and I will bless God for this hour."

What more or better could have been said? And who, among all the movers in this national affair, which was to have left the dear old maid out in the cold, earned a better right to a voice, or could have used that right with more exquisite tact and success?

The Woman's Parliament, also—that select organization, which will have nought to do with Suffrage or Suffragites—has attempted to steer wide of this *Revolutionary* woman. It cannot be done. Whatever interests WOMAN, or looks to the widening of her sphere, has a ready champion and a bold one in Miss Anthony. It matters not who are engaged in the work—Christian, Jew, Mohammedan or Mormon—they are all of necessity her coworkers, and entitled to full membership in her church. She is as broad as humanity and as resistless as Niagara; and if ever the millennium of Woman's Equality shall dawn upon this land, that not remote event will be due, in the greatest measure, to the persistent, tireless, sagacious, and wholly devoted labors of this "One of the strong-minded."

MISS LANDON.

BY MRS. N. B. GARDNER.

I CAN never read Miss Landon's works without feeling, and painfully too, that every line is the labored throe of a heart whose wealth of affection has recoiled upon itself in one mighty wave, burying deeply and forever within its secret cells the gentle flowers of confidence and trusting hope in earthly Love, and pointing upward to its final home. How faithfully she mirrors forth her own heart's history in the following extract from Romance and Reality: "What an odd thing experience is!—now turning over so rapidly the book of life, now writing so much on a single leaf." "We hear of the head turning gray in a single night;" the same change passes over the heart. Affection is the tyrant of a woman and only bids her to the banquet to suspend a cutting sword over her head which a *word*, a *look* may call down to inflict the wound that strikes to the death or heals but with a scar. Could we fling back the veil which nature and society alike draw over her feelings, how much of sorrow unsuspected, because unexpressed, would be found! How many a young and beautiful heart would show disappointment graven on its inmost core! What a history of vain hopes, gentle endeavors, anxieties and mortifications laid bare! There is one phrase continually occurring in conversation; "Oh a woman never marries the man to whom she was first attached." How often, how lightly this is said, how little thought given to the world of suffering it involves! checked by circumstances, abandoned from necessity, the early attachment may depart with the early enthusiasm which youth brings but leaves not; still the dream was sweet and its waking bitter." This is really the heart's experience in Miss L.'s case, and yet how few, as they regale themselves with the untold richness of her glorious verse, or the bright sparkles of her woman's wit—that throw its brightness over all she's written, imagine that beneath the touching pathos of the first is veiled the sadness of a breaking heart, and 'neath the biting sarcasm of the other lurks the envenomed bitterness of disappointment.

Too much, alas, of every heart's secret history is contained in those few lines I have quoted. How truly has the poet said "Happiness is the gay to-morrow of the mind that never comes." And yet with all our deep and holy sympathies with *Love*, we are inclined to laugh at half its disappointments, and this we do in self-defence through our inordinate fear of ridicule and deference to the world's opinion. Sincerity is too often a stranger in our list of heavenly graces when it should occupy the foremost rank, and not content with deceiving others, we too often practice deceit upon ourselves, and live and breathe forever in an artificial atmosphere. Oh when shall we all learn to be true to the pure and holy instincts of our nature! and casting aside the gossamer veil of dissimulation that society, that Protean-shaped monster bids us wear, cultivate only the higher powers of mind, the noble attributes of feeling! were we to do so, many a dark page in each heart's history, now filled with the sad record of blighted hopes, would be obliterated, and the mirrored clearness of each other's feelings there displayed, we'd cease to hope for what we could not attain.

HIGHER WAGES AND A WIDER RANGE.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Your Prospectus claims for women "everywhere to-day, a wider range of employment, higher wages, and thorough physical and mental education." These are brave words, to whose accomplishment I desire to contribute my mite, and will be both practical and brief.

There *is* a "wider range of employment" open, and I am sure the wages will be higher, while the grand feeling of personal independence that will attend the earning of them, cannot be measured by dollars. I have seen women most successful cultivators of the small fruits, supporting themselves, and living independently, on their earnings. I have known others, shrewd, energetic, and ambitious of a like employment, fully able to master all its details, and fond of rural out-door occupation, too poor to secure even a foothold whereon to begin. With such, success would be absolutely certain if the privilege to toil had only been extended to them. My heart has ached over my inability to aid them, as I listened to the pathetic story of their aspirations. It is painful to witness these longings of noble spirits after a better life, willing to work, but destitute of tools, without deep regret over one's inability to afford them an opportunity even to try.

In general, all women love flowers, hence they are natural florists. Horticulture is a kindred art. The two occupations are so alike that they readily coalesce—she who can cultivate flowers can cultivate fruit. Neither is overloaded with hard work. The two great requisites to ensure success in fruit growing are *attention* and *brains*—not excessive smart

ness, but such sound common sense as most women possess, leading them, until thoroughly informed, to listen to and follow the advice of an experienced friend who may be willing to teach them. The art is simple, easily learned, and pays well. It is a healthful out of door employment, in practising which many feeble constitutions have been transformed into robust ones.

But you will reply that women do not know when, where, nor how to begin. Presuming that some family among your readers are anxious for "a wider range of employment," and that they have a taste for flowers and horticulture, I will offer them a very small farm of only a few acres, on which to locate and begin. I am myself engaged in growing these small fruits for market, and having thus been long employed, will take pride and pleasure in showing them what to do and what to avoid. I am sure that any family of women having a taste for rural occupations, and courage enough to embark in them, with some moderate means to begin with, cannot fail to earn even more than a genteel support. If a young man were among the members, to do the little hard work ever required, it would be a great help to them. The growing of strawberries is a perfectly manageable business for women. Women are already everywhere employed in setting the plants, clearing them of runners, picking and assorting the fruit. Smart girls earn $2 a day in picking, all which the family would save. So also with raspberries and blackberries. These duties, now performed by mere hirelings, yield a handsome result to the owner. But, how much better would they be performed by a family within themselves, all ambitious to produce the best fruit only, and send it in the best condition to market. They would assuredly realize larger returns than the slipshod cultivators now receive. The market for good fruit has never been glutted. I saw, last summer, two entire crops of well cultivated strawberries sell for 75 cents the quart, without the demand being half supplied. It is the poor, neglected fruit which fails to pay the producer.

This little farm is in the midst of a community of fruit growers, close to unfailing markets, within a mile of superior schools, numerous churches, stores, railroad, post office, and in fact having every facility that such a business could ask, with many excellent neighbors. It contains ten acres, with blackberries now bearing. I will furnish, without charge, all the strawberry and raspberry plants that may be wanted, with either one thousand or two thousand grape vines, as may be preferred. There is some little rough land to be tamed, but plenty of tillable land for any family to operate, with a new and genteel house of six rooms, and a barn. The whole is the nucleus of what some live woman, anxious for "a wider range of employment and higher wages," may convert into a permanent home. It presents the foundation on which a family of women, having a reasonable share of pluck and brains, can build to profit, health and comfort. There are women having a remarkable genius at poultry raising. That department could here be added with profit proportionate to the skill employed. There is a retail cash market at the door, at city prices, for all that can be produced.

I throw out these suggestions for such as are at the same time thoughtful and aspiring—aspiring after "a wider range of employment, higher wages, and thorough physical and mental education." Of course some little capital would be required until returns came in, and none should attempt this form of emancipation without knowing exactly what the case required. One, two, or three, might club together, if each were unable, of herself, to master the difficulty. But if complete success were to attend them; if they did really secure higher wages, and a comparative independence, what inspiration it would be to others now pining to reach the very goal you have set up before them! This may be a little out of the beaten track of female occupation, but not more so than some employments were when first undertaken by women. I pray you to excuse the space I occupy, and give my address to such as sympathize with these views.

M.

A NEAT NEWSPAPER OFFICE, AND WHY?

Dear Revolution: A few days ago some business took me to the office of a German paper of great merit, called the *Neue Zeit*. The office is located in the midst of the down-town business quarter, No. 19 Ann street, and is kept by one of the chief managers of the *Neue Zeit*, a Mrs. Wendt, a lady of great talent and worth. Business often takes me into the different down-town printing offices, and I have had every opportunity to make my various observations in those places, having often been kept waiting long enough to make a minute description of every article they contained, and I observed that, as a general thing, they are all dreary and dirty. As I entered the office of No. 19 Ann street, I was particularly struck by the contrast; I at once recognized that a woman was the occupant. Everything was in its place; the air was pure, the windows clean, the floor, though bare like other offices, was scrupulously white, there was an air of "home" about the whole which even the most indifferent of men could not deny. I ask, why is it that these editorial offices are not given over to the management of women? Is it not their natural instinct to have their surroundings neat and cheerful, whether at home or in business? How can a man be inspired with lofty, noble, or superior ideas, when everything around him is dark, dreary, smoky and dirty? Let me only repeat the words of Sheridan, who said, that "it is with the hand of a woman nature writes into the heart of men!"

C.

Madame Wendt is a member of the American Woman's Suffrage Association, and an officer in it.--Ed.

LETTER FROM MRS. C. I. H. NICHOLS.

Wyandotte, Kansas, Jan., 1870.

Dear Susan: I have been waiting a long time to have time and inspiration to indite something more than a mere friendly epistle; but I will wait no longer to tell you that my sympathies are with you in your gigantic efforts and splendid success in your mission—especially Revolution—which I read eagerly and groan inwardly that to meet payments on a debt, I owe I must withhold a subscription for it. With a snug little farm and good crops, the improvements, farming tools, etc., and taxes have taken all I could rake together with a fine tooth-comb economy, and then I am often so uncomfortable at being in debt; $250 yet to pay. I can't get to any of our conventions, even in Kansas—*expenses!* It costs $10 to go to Topeka and back, and I am behind that much on my taxes yet, and must get it from butter and eggs, one new milch cow and thirty hens! Ah, Susan, I you are a favored individual, to be allowed to fight a *big* fight. These petty struggles are hateful, belittleing. I signed the call for the Cleveland Convention, not from any antagonism to existing organizations or methods, but because I felt assured we were strong enough to swarm, and would increase our strength and numbers by spreading ourselves and taking up other and more ground. I thought you put the matter well in Convention. Go on, my dear—*severely* truthful—or it wouldn't be our whole-souled, unbroken Susan. I think the Fifteenth Amendment measure mean, but inasmuch as it is in advance somewhat of former positions, I won't quarrel with it. I'd go for a sixteenth if it could be got; but I think we'll get it by States soon, and would have to fight it out with the States in a body, fore and aft. I distribute my copy of The Revolution, and several who have read have promised to send for it. Two or three have done so. I wish I could increase your subscribers more. I see no other woman's paper. I did hope to get one of John Mill's books. I have not seen the book. With my best love, and please write a line when you feel like it; it does me good. I am regular correspondent for Topeka *Commonwealth*, and Brattleboro, Vt., *Phœnix*.

THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

A portion of the proceedings of the Washington Convention were left over from last week, among which were the following letters from Judge Hay and Bishop Simpson, and also Senator Wilson's remarks, who spoke as follows:

I merely come to say, that whenever I have a vote to give, it shall be given in favor of every practical movement that tends, directly or indirectly, to remove any burden that rests upon any portion of my country people, and grants to the women of the country every right that the men possess. For the last thirty-four years I have endeavored, in public and private, to give my influence to make my country a thoroughly free one. The work is nearly accomplished, and it will probably be finished within sixty days. All men and all women, who desire to remove every obstacle to freedom, may now find full opportunity to labor in that direction. Although our political institutions are founded upon the idea of equality, we have yet a great work to do to bring the whole people to the position demanded by God's word and the logic of the constitution. My influence shall be given with the same fidelity to the cause of Woman Suffrage as it has been given to the cause of the four and a half millions of people who are about to become citizens.

Mrs. Stanton then introduced Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, who read the following letters from Bishop Simpson:

Rev. N. J. Burton, of Hartford, Conn.:

I am fully in sympathy with you in this matter, and have been for more than twenty years, and on all proper occasions have so freely avowed myself. This movement has, no doubt, been somewhat injured by the attempt on the part of some of its friends to identify it with anti-Christian and anti-evangelical views, and some of its opponents have very foolishly, as I think, sought to oppose it by quoting detached passages of Scripture. I feel satisfied that the day is not far distant when all the friends of purity and of true reform will see in this movement the moral support and strength which they greatly need.

With high regard, yours truly, M. Simpson.

She then read the following, sent to herself:

I am glad that christian men and women are taking

bold of the movement, because, as I have long believed, the interests of true morality and true religion will be vastly promoted by it; and, though the opponents of the Bible may attempt to make capital against the churches, it will be found in the end that the strength of this movement is in its appeal to Christian hearts. As I am just leaving the city, I have had no time to examine the accompanying papers.

Yours truly, M. Simpson.

Mrs. Stanton expressed herself much pleased with Bishop Simpson and the Methodist clergy, for having erased the word "obey" from their marriage ceremonial. She advised all young ladies to be married by Methodist clergymen. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Griffing also read the following letter from Judge William Hay, of Saratoga Springs:

Ladies of the National Woman's Suffrage Association:

The present state of civilization confessedly requires from all its members relinquishment of some individual and natural or born rights, for the purpose of more thoroughly securing and perpetuating those that remain. Common sense and common justice, therefore, demand for *self-government* its sole, or indeed exclusive, mode of enjoyment, the *right* protective of all rights, the *right* to vote and be voted for; which is the only perfect *right of suffrage*, as contradistinguished from that mere mockery an *elective franchise*, being but rulers' grant of privilege or concession of immunity. Such indefeasible right of suffrage or self-government is inherent or innate in all womanhood as well as manhood, and bearded tyranny "glorying in its shame," and confounding might with right, alone deprives of its unrestricted exercise. Congressional Senators and Representatives, as gentlemen—aye more, without any prefix of gentle or simple, as *men*—should, therefore, in legislation for the District of Columbia, promptly abolish invidious distinctions, cause an unjustly discriminating word, "*male*," to be, wherever it occurs, expunged, count both sexes in every basis of representation, and likewise furnish the people with constitutional opportunity to adopt the proposed Sixteenth Amendment of freedom. These opinions I have held, defended, and acted upon, for more than half a century.

The N. Y. *Times* says: "If women only knew that their proper place is home!"

This pretty word, "home," suggests a kind husband! or fond parents! a competency! We can see at this time of year the ruddy coal fire, or the often told about crackling sport of merry logs in the large and dignified fire-place! And we can see the happy housewife listening for the well known footsteps of her husband, with the table quite ready, and well laden with smoking and savory temptations, perhaps the ambrosial result of her own industry; and the merry children, perhaps, too; and perhaps the husband is unfortunate, and my little lady stands with open arms, and tenderest sympathy to cheer and encourage him, with her repeated avowals of brave undertakings; and so many other fine *perhapses* we may find wound into plenty of smooth poetry, and spun out into gushing stories. And then, too, we can recall plenty of instances of home happiness in real life, upon which we dwell with happy satisfaction, and perhaps eager covetousness.

"But—but these buts, how they mar all the fine theories in life!" In enlightened Massachusetts, we find there are 68,000 more women than men! And in New York City there are 48,000 more of the former who not only cannot have husbands if they try ever so hard, but must paddle their own lonely canoe, in some cases through troubled waters. "Home" to them is like the steady beams from the light-house to the shipwrecked mariner.

There are many kind husbands in this world! and we are obliged to admit that there are others. Well! we have heard that they are drunkards, or that they have discovered new affinities of many kinds, and sometimes they not only forget to provide for their wives and small children, but abandon them entirely. For these unfortunates, home, although a very proper place, might locate in the street; and then, if these delicate and womanly feminines should fancy to consider themselves dolls or ornaments, their "natural protectors" (the men) might have other too pressing occupations to care especially for their interests.

It would be a pity for this little army of feminines to abandon "home," and try to seek honorable employment; or to have the audacity to consider that protection ever comes through the ballot.

The Editor of the *Times* basks too much in the rays of the moon. Adele Summers.

HOPE.

Mid the pale moonbeams of an April night
A weary spirit wavered through the streets,
Hither and thither—"ah," she murmured, "whither?"
"Here where the great heart of the city beats
In swift alternate waves of Death and Life?
Here is no work
Whereinto one may look
And shout out gaily, 'Tis a niche for Hope!'"

"Ah me, ah me," so sighing, weeping, longing,
She made her quest from river unto sea,
Here and there pausing with instinctive turning
Of the bright head. "Is there one calls on me?
Methought I heard some sad soul wail for Hope."
But none replied,
And still unsatisfied,
The shadowy vision wandered vaguely on.

She marked the perfumed down of willow falling,
A sleepy sparrow twittering in its nest,
Her wistful eyes shone in their tearful sweetness,
The tired eyes that long had sought for rest,
Then with strange sign she touched a close barred door,
It opened wide
And in a golden tide
Of moonlight, sad Hope floated up the stair.

She saw the moonbeams on the pictured walls
Coming and going—dancing here and there,
She watched them gleam on book, and bust, and flower
On bronze antiques, and crimson easy-chair.
With sudden joy she felt that rest was won.
Her quest was o'er.
The weary heart no more
Should ache with longing; here was sweet content.

So, though you see her not, Hope dwelleth here;
The exquisite rare spirit ne'er departs.
She breaks the idols of a ruder age
Guides slender hands and strengthens fainting hearts.
Her atmosphere is peace unspeakable.
Through woman's eyes
She looks in prophecies,
Of noble work and good unto the world.

PRACTICAL ENGINEERING FOR WOMEN.

Dear Revolution: Having removed my Institute to this city, from Tollestone, Ind., I am prepared now to admit ladies to all the courses taught in the Institute. Architectural and Mechanical Drawing is, I think, especially adapted to their talents, as all the work is performed in the office. I have no doubt that they will fully equal the gentlemen in the neatness of the execution and the correctness of the work. The salary of a good draughtsman amounts to $100 per month. I will teach drawing to my own daughter, as I want her to be independent of any man for a livelihood.

Circulars can be obtained at the Institute.

Respectfully, A. Vander Nailler,

Principal Institute of Practical Civil Engineering, Surveying and Drawing, 146 South Clark st., Chicago.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER XLIV.

London, January, 1870.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE REPEAL OF THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACTS.

A few weeks since I made you acquainted with the deep and painful interest which has been awakened among women on this subject. The Ladies' Association has issued a protest which was published in the *Daily News* for the last day of 1869. This protest I subjoin, as it gives an excellent statement of this question, which, in some form or other, is one of vital and increasing importance in every country in Christendom. I use that word advisedly, for Islamism and Heathenism are practically superior, in many respects, on this question, to our so-called Christianity.

You will see by the signatures attached that interest in the subject is extending, and that some of the most earnest as well as the most gifted and experienced and thoughtful women in England are enlisted in the cause. Now that a legal enactment is proposed, equivalent to a suspension of the habeas corpus act, for half the population of the country, those women, also, who have hitherto regarded public affairs with indifference, are beginning to look up and to feel that it is time for them to make a stand against this act of oppression and degradation.

A meeting of ladies was held in Leeds last week which was addressed by Mrs. J. E. Butler with good effect. A committee was formed with Mrs. Baines, wife to the member of Parliament of that place, at its head. Similar meetings are to be held in Edinburgh, London and elsewhere, in order to spread information and arouse interest in the subject. An address to workingmen has been issued, reminding them how closely concerned they are in the working of the present law, and how fearful will be the consequences to their wives and daughters if the proposed extension of the act is obtained. At many towns in the north of England, where the moral atmosphere seems to be clearer than in the south, the working men are moving in behalf of the cause. A meeting of ladies is to be held at Edinburgh in a few days with a similar object. These efforts are very much needed, for, obvious as are the evils of this cruel legislation, and urgent as the necessity for action in the case is, in order to frustrate it, there are numerous and almost inseparable difficulties in the way of the movement. Many ladies refuse to look into the subject, many, after having done so, refuse to give their names. Clergymen are very frequently arrayed on the wrong side. There is a strong party among the doctors, with Sir William Jenner one of the Queen's physicians, at its head, that openly advocates the act, and loudly declares "prostitution to be necessary for our young men!"

But there is no doubt this party has already received a check. After the reports and revelations of facts, and statistics, and results of the law that have been published, the government dares not extend it as proposed.

Meanwhile, military commanders and other unscrupulous advocates of the law are seeking to obtain their ends by other means. They propose to increase the number of the naval and military stations, and to make each new station subject to this bad law. They may thus gradually enclose the greater part of the country under its jurisdiction. There is, therefore,

no hope of a remedy for the evil but in a repeal of the law. For this end we are working now. Other ulterior means of rescue, reform, and restoration of the fallen victims of vice will come in due course. But the repeal of the law which recognizes and provides for the accommodation of immorality is a preventive measure and a necessary preliminary to all other action. A series of excellent letters, signed "An Englishwoman," has just appeared in the *Daily News*, on the history and practical results of the acts of Parliament on this subject. These letters, in which I recognize the hand of one of the noblest and most respected of English writers, are the first exposition of the question which has found admission into the public journals. The press, generally, has heretofore only given it barely an incidental mention. However distasteful the subject, where the interests of morality are concerned, reticence is wrong. This is now so evident that other journals are taking the matter up.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE REPEAL OF THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACTS.

There are two Acts of Parliament—one passed in 1866, the other in 1869—called the Contagious Diseases acts. These acts are in force in some of our garrison towns, and in large districts around them. Unlike all other laws for the repression of contagious diseases, to which both men and women are liable, these two apply to women only, men being wholly exempt from their penalties. The law is ostensibly framed for a certain class of women, but in order to reach these, all the women residing within the districts where it is in force are brought under the provisions of the acts. Any woman can be dragged into court, and required to prove that she is not a common prostitute. The magistrate can condemn her, if a policeman swears only that he "has good cause to believe" her to be one. The accused has to rebut, not positive evidence, but the state of mind of her accuser. When condemned, the sentence is as follows: To have her person outraged by the periodical inspection of a surgeon, through a period of twelve months: or, resisting that, to be imprisoned, with or without hard labor—first for a month, next for three months—such imprisonment to be continuously renewed through her whole life unless she submit periodically to the brutal requirements of this law. Women arrested under false accusations have been so terrified at the idea of encountering the public trial necessary to prove their innocence, that they have, under the intimidation of the police, signed away their good name and their liberty by making what is called a "voluntary submission" to appear periodically for twelve months for surgical examination.* Women who, through dread of imprisonment, have been induced to register themselves as common prostitutes, now pursue their traffic under the sanction of Parliament; and the houses where they congregate, so long as the government surgeons are satisfied with the health of their inmates, enjoy, practically, as complete a protection as a church or a school.

We, the undersigned, enter our solemn protest against these acts—

1. Because, involving as they do such a momentous change in the legal safeguards hitherto enjoyed by women in common with men, they have been passed, not only without the knowledge of the country, but unknown to Parliament itself; and we hold that neither the representatives of the people nor the press fulfil the duties which are expected of them, when they allow such legislation to take place without the fullest discussion.

2. Because, so far as women are concerned, they remove every guarantee of personal security which the law has established and held sacred, and put their reputation, their freedom, and their persons absolutely in the power of the police.

3. Because the law is bound, in any country professing to give civil liberty to its subjects, to define clearly an offence which it punishes.

4. Because it is unjust to punish the sex who are the victims of a vice, and leave unpunished the sex who are the main cause, both of the vice and its degraded consequences; and we consider that liability to arrest, forced surgical examination, and where this is resisted, imprisonment with hard labor, to which these acts subject women, are punishments of the most degrading kind.

5. Because, by such a system, the path of evil is made more easy to our sons, and to the whole of the youth of England; inasmuch as a moral restraint is withdrawn the moment the state recognizes and provides convenience for the practice of a vice which it thereby declares to be necessary and venial.

6. Because these measures are cruel to the women who come under their action—violating the feelings of those whose sense of shame is not wholly lost, and further brutalizing even the most abandoned.

7. Because the disease which these acts seek to remove has never been removed by any such legislation. The advocates of the system have utterly failed to show, by statistics or otherwise, that these regulations have in any case, after several years' trial, and when applied to one sex only, diminished disease, reclaimed the fallen, or improved the general morality of the country. We have, on the contrary, the strongest evidence to show that in Paris and other continental cities, where women have long been outraged by this forced inspection, the public health and morals are worse than at home.

8. Because the conditions of this disease, in the first instance, are moral, not physical. The moral evil through which the disease makes its way, separates the case entirely from that of the plague or other scourges, which have been placed under police control or sanitary care. We hold that we are bound, before rushing into the experiment of legalizing a revolting vice, to try to deal with the causes of the evil, and we dare to believe that with wiser teaching and more capable legislation those causes would not be beyond control.

Harriet Martineau,	Florence Nightingale,
Josephine E. Butler,	Elizabeth C. Wolstenholme,
Catherine Hill Burton,	Ursula M. Bright,
Martha Baines,	Katherine E. Backhouse,
Elizabeth Malleson,	Margaret Lucas,
Elizabeth Garnett,	Jane Wigham,
Eliza L. Oldham,	Susan A. Pease,
Mary Bennett,	Catherine Blackburn,
Mary Estlin,	Mary C. Hume-Rothery,
Mary Merryweather,	K. E. Malleson,
Mary Priestman,	Lilias S. Ashworth,
Mrs. Trew,	Anne Taylor,
Lydia A. Horton,	Lydia J. Jackson,
Mr. Thomas Hervey,	Mrs. Venturi,
Lydia E. Becker,	Lucy Thomas,
Agnes M'Laren,	Miss Anthony,
Mary Burton,	Mary Crudelius,
Helen Baumgartner,	Mrs. Henry Briscoll,
Eliza Barham,	Eliza Clark,
Mary Isabel Garston,	E. Hannah Ford,
E. C. Griffiths,	M. A. Temple,
Sarah Gibbins,	Mrs. W. Ferguson,
Ellen Marriott,	Clary Ann Parker,
Mrs. Whiting,	Sarah Fenton,
Lucilla Smith,	Eliza Thomas,
Mrs. William,	Mary Feast,
Mary M'Combie,	Betsey Goodson,
Isabella Syde,	Mrs. J. P. Whitehead,
Hannah Kay,	Caroline H. Ferrell,
Mrs. George Tatham,	Mary Steel,
Elizabeth Fleming,	Mrs. Stewart,
Mary Kirby,	Jane Boyd Hen
Annie M'Combie,	Mrs. Garden,
Lydia Sanson,	Mrs. Major Greig,
Flora Ann Boss,	Priscilla M'Laren,
Susan Dick Lauder,	Margaret Pennington,
Elizabeth Pease Nichol,	Eliza Wigham,
Caroline A. Smedley,	Mrs. Boucherett,
Katherine Thomasson,	Anne Eliza Fryer,
Isabella M. S. Tod,	M. C. Jevons,
Jane Crosfield,	Mary H. Martindale,
E. Cobb,	Lavinia Solly,
Rebecca Moore,	Lydia Wodehouse,
Maria W. Palmer,	Miss Leonard,
L. Leonard,	Elizabeth Waters,
Anne F. Ashworth,	Agnes Mayoh,
M. A. Symonds,	Elizabeth Drummond,
Anna N. Haslam,	Mary Anne Barton,
Mrs. William Walker,	M. F. England,
Mrs. Charles Thomas,	Anna Batt,
Mrs. Thorpe,	Sarah Mayoh Clow,
Bridget Draper,	Margaret Marriott,
Sarah Dell,	Lucy Wilson,
Mary Clodd,	Margaret Stafford,
A. A. Catford,	Mary F. Gough,
Anne Barber,	Eliza Fowes,
Miss Hooper,	Rachel C. Wakefield,
Eliza Millward,	Mrs. Riddle,
Celia Walker,	Maria Sowarth,
M. B. Crook,	Alice Hargreaves,
Mary Wills,	Emma Bryant,
Emily Beaumont,	Jane Leslie,
Mrs. Morris Sterling,	Ann M'Combie,
E. M. Slovin,	Harriet Brand.

A Ladies' Association has been formed for the purpose of obtaining the repeal of these obnoxious acts. The necessity for such an association becomes more urgent from the fact that a society is already in existence for procuring their extension to the women of the whole kingdom.

We earnestly entreat our countrywomen, of every class and party, to help us in the difficult and painful task which only a deep sense of duty could have forced us to undertake. We have not entered lightly upon it, nor shall we lightly abandon it, because we believe that in its attainment are involved, not only the personal rights of our sex, but the morality of the nation.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Reid,	Mrs. Jacob Bright,
Mrs. Nichol,	Mrs. George Butler.

Miss E. Wolstenholme,

Honorary Secretary—Mrs. George Butler, 280 Southhill, Park Road, Liverpool.

Treasurer—Mrs. Jacob Bright, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

All ladies desirous of joining the Association are requested to sign the above protest, and to return it to the secretary.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S REVIEW.

I have just received a note from Miss Jessie Boucherett, which contains the following pleasant announcement: "I am going to start the *Englishwoman's Review* again, and will gladly exchange it for THE REVOLUTION, which is much improved. In fact, I think it very good, now. The *Review* will come out in the middle of January. Very truly yours,

REBECCA MOORE.

HINTS TO WRITERS FOR THE PRESS.—The late Mr. Prentice, for many years editor and proprietor of the Louisville (Ky.) *Journal*, was a model for all contributors to the public press. A friendly writer says of him:

Mr. Prentice was almost faultless as a grammarian, and his punctuation was perfect. Many of the best editors of the day pay little attention to punctuation in their editorials, leaving it, in a great measure, to the taste and judgment of the proof reader, who is always presumed to understand it thoroughly, and whose duty it is to see that every article he reads is properly punctuated. But Mr. Prentice trusted nothing to the proof reader. He dictated to his amanuensis every comma, semicolon, dash, period and paragraph in his articles and never failed to read over the manuscript carefully and make all the corrections he thought necessary The printer then had to "follow copy" to produce the article thoroughly correct in the paper of the next morning.

Mr. Prentice is hereby recommended as a model to be followed by the many excellent persons who aid by their correspondence in conducting THE REVOLUTION. Some who contribute to these columns, especially some women, need no lessons from any source. Would that his could be said of all!

* The following is an extract from the evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee: "Mr. E. K. Parsons, visiting surgeon of the Portsmouth Lock Hospital, was examined by the Committee, and asked (368) whether, if the police by error bring up a really modest woman to the surgeon, mistaking her for a harlot, the woman signs a voluntary paper before the surgeon examines her? He replies: 'Yes, they all sign a voluntary submission, unless sent by order of a magistrate.' The questioner continues (369), 'But a modest woman would decline to sign that paper, would she not?' Reply: 'No; for this reason. The police, believing in the correctness of their own impression (!) say, very well, if you do not sign that you go to the bench. And then the woman says in order to avoid that—Well, I do not mind going into a private room and speaking to Mr. Parsons. And she will sign the voluntary submission.' (400.) Question—'Therefore they (really honest women) sign a voluntary submission, under the fear of being taken before the magistrate?' Reply—'Unquestionably.' Mr. Parsons also says (370) that the police are very apt to jump to the conclusion that a woman is a prostitute if they see her out at night.

The Revolution.

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OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST., N. Y.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1870.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, January 29th, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: As a thirsty traveller after a long journey over a hot, dry desert, rejoices in a spring of living waters, so we, exhausted with much speaking, rejoiced in the prospect of a few short days at the very hub of the universe; to sit at the feet of wisdom, science and philosophy; to receive new ideas and fresh inspiration for future thought and action. As Ruth gleaned in the fields of the benevolent Boaz, so we have gleaned in Boston, greedily clutching the gems of thought sown broadcast by the generous hands of Weiss and Wasson, Alcott and Alger, Clark and Channing, Higginson and Haven, Phillips and Powell, Mrs. Howe, Cheney and Livermore. From the Woman's Club-room, the Radical Club, the Anti-Slavery Festival, the Woman's Convention, have flowed forth such streams of eloquence as to fire our soul afresh with a new love of freedom. Such was the joy and fulness we experienced mid this influx of light and knowledge and reunion with old friends, that we did not at first perceive the cold, sidelong glances shot at us from shining beavers and nodding plumes, the stately sideling off, the sudden turning round, the mysterious whisperings and shakings of the head, all portending a coming storm.

There was no malice *per se* in our visiting Boston at this particular time, but having several Lyceum lectures in the neighborhood, we thought as a cat might look on a king, so we might look on the sages of Athens without giving offence.

True, we had been exiled from Boston by a formal bill of excommunication, but we thought an absence of two years from the centre of light and heat was long enough to expiate any ordinary transgression.

Reinforced by the heroic Proprietor of THE REVOLUTION, we decided to remain and test the truthfulness of the circular letter calling the Cleveland Convention, which said to our friends all over the country, "there is no antagonism in this movement to any organization already existing."

What we knew before was here fully proven to our friends, for the managers of the movement in Boston decided in solemn council that the representatives of the National Woman's Suffrage Association from New York should not be invited to speak nor to sit on their platform, during the convention; and a formal bill of impeachment was made out, any one count of which was enough to shut us out forever from all anti-slavery and republican heavens, both in this world and the world to come.

1st. We had affiliated with Democrats, sat in Tammany Hall Convention, that eventful 4th of July, when Seymour fainted at the bare thought of being President of the United States.

2d. We had sent our petitions to Democrats in Congress, thus supplying them with ammunition to harrass republican members, and jeopardize the black man's cause.

3d. We had thanked Democrats in our conventions for carrying on such hostilities, and coquetted with the New York *World*.

4th. We had repudiated the Fifteenth Amendment, defeated negro suffrage in Kansas, and the property qualification in New York.

5th. We had accepted greenbacks from George Francis Train to start a paper, without consulting Boston; criticised some of Massachusetts' noblest sons, and the forty women who held Anti-Slavery festivals, after no slave breathed in the republic, and black men sat in the legislature of Massachusetts, making laws for the daughters of the Pilgrims.

Grave charges these, but as we were allowed no defence, we meekly took our seats in the assembly of the people. As we were not permitted to sit on the platform, we sat as near it as possible, that if by chance our cruel judges, looking into our shining, honest faces, should relent their stern decree and extend to us the right hand of fellowship, we might, with one graceful bound, leap to their midst, and in a long embrace, in a common love for one high, holy cause, forget all differences of the past.

But, alas! when Puritans are conscientiously obdurate, their injustice knows no wavering. So with pious resignation we accepted the situation, and confess with shame that we enjoyed the convention far more than if we had shared its responsibilities, owing, no doubt, to our constitutional diffidence, and lethargy. It is far easier to listen to Phillips than to talk yourself, to criticise other peoples plans, speeches, resolutions, than to organize and perfect your own, to stretch and lounge in the audience, than to sit firm on the platform. Our good Proprietor did not think so. She kicked against the pricks, and vindicated the right of free speech, by a direct address to the platform. However, the convention went off well; all things were done in decency and order, and a good impression was, no doubt, made on the public mind. The house was crowded throughout, and James Freeman Clarke presided with dignity. The reports in the daily papers are so meagre that we find nothing worth sending.

Some gentlemen of Boston, hearing that the daughters of the Puritans had given us the cold shoulder, endeavored to heal our lacerated spirit by inviting us to dine with the "Bird Club," the first time the Club had ever thus honored itself, or any woman. Here leading Republican politicians meet once a week to discuss state and national questions, to make and unmake Senators, Congressmen, and Governors, and to eat good dinners. We sat at the right hand of Mr. Bird, surrounded by the political power of Massachusetts, but the turtle soup, roast turkey, oysters, creams, etc., were forgotten in the brilliant scintillations of wit and wisdom that flew round that hospitable board. Of course, our feminine mind was on the very tip-toe of vigilance to keep on the plane where the masculine intellect moves so easily in its normal condition. Oh! for the blessed time when woman, too, shall be so perfectly at home in the realms of pure science, philosophy, and statesmanship, that the great problems of Capital, Labor, Free Trade, Finance, will be as simple to her as knitting a boy's mitten.

From the dinner, one of the gentlemen escorted us to the opera to see Parepa Rosa in "Il Trovatore," where we feasted our eyes with her grace and beauty, and our ears with her bird-like carroling in fleeting passages of such ravishing sweetness that it made pleasure almost pain. What a grand specimen of womanhood she is—tall, self-poised head, shoulders, arms, finely moulded, every motion grace! and what a voice—deep, melodious, high, sweet, and clear! As from the agony of human passion and disappointment she soared up and up and up to the joyous freedom of a soul set free, we, too, were lifted to those heights where all life's trials seemed so trivial and transient that we felt they ne'er could mar the harmony of our life again.

What would the opera or stage be to-day, without woman? How stale, flat, and unprofitable it must have been in Shakspeare's time, when Desdemona, Ophelia, Juliet, and Rosalind were all performed by bearded bone and muscle in silk attire? * * * * *

Sunday. Went this afternoon to hear O. B. Frothingham in Horticultural Hall. He spoke an hour and a-half, one of the greatest discourses to which we ever listened, on the "Unknown God." Have just returned from the Working Women's meeting, where many of them spoke admirably. The question of Capital and Labor must be more thoroughly discussed in our paper. Verily the slavery of the white masses in our factories, garrets, and cellars was never surpassed on southern plantations. E. C. S.

HONORABLE TESTIMONY.—The New York *Independent* has a writer in Washington who thus witnesses as to the recent Suffrage Convention in that city:

> The National Woman's Suffrage Convention held last week in Washington was a great success. Mrs. Stanton presided with dignity as well as tact; the audiences were large, embracing at times a considerable representation of the two houses of Congress. Letters from several distinguished persons were read, among them Bishop Simpson. On Saturday a committee of the Convention appeared before the committees of the Senate and House of Representatives on the District of Columbia, for the purpose of addressing them in behalf of universal suffrage in the District. A lady who witnessed the proceedings says: "It was really a fine affair; for not only the committees of the two houses, but many Senators and Representatives were present. Mrs. Stanton made a clear and earnest argument, and evidently produced a deep impression on many of those grave men. She was followed, more briefly, by Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. Davis, Susan B. Anthony, Madame Anneke, and Mrs. M. E. J. Gage. I was glad to see Senator Sumner come in; and to hear him say that, though he had been on numerous committees on various subjects during his twenty years' service in the Senate, he had never witnessed a hearing of a more impressive character, or heard better speaking in behalf of any cause."

THE MAIL.—The evening *Mail* says it don't hear that Miss Anthony, or Mrs. Stanton, or Miss Dickinson or Olive Logan have any of them yet gone to Wyoming. Why not?

Because their work is to make New York and New England into Wyomings, and then they can live very well in them. Is not that better?

MR. REVEL, colored Senator from Mississippi, appeared on the Senate floor on Monday, and was congratulated by a number of Republican Senators. There is but one vacant seat, it is said, in the chamber, and he has been assigned to it, on the extreme corner of the Republican side. Such a fact as this Senatorship, is one more evidence that slavery is abolished, although a few unfortunate persons still fail to see it.

MRS. HOLLOWAY ON CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

A VERY large audience assembled in Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening of last week, to listen to an address on the Life and Writings of Charlotte Bronte, by Mrs. Laura C. Holloway of Tennessee. The lecturer came well recommended, her chosen theme was certainly transcendently interesting, if not important, the meeting was well advertised, the evening was mild and fair as May, the audience cultivated and appreciative, and every circumstance conspired to make the occasion memorable had the only other, and the one thing needful, not been a most unfortunate exception.

Whoever has read Jane Eyre and the first volume of Mrs. Gaskill's Memoirs of the author, must have felt that the lecturer had failed most unfortunately to appreciate the character she came to delineate and to celebrate. Jane Eyre was written too soon to be understood in accordance with what should and must have been the purpose of the gifted, the truly inspired architect of that sublimest work of the century. A phenomenon it was, more than a book. It belongs to the present decade, rather than the last, or any past. And Charlotte Bronte was reared in the very soil social and spiritual to produce it. The mother and daughters constituted a mountain chain of brain and heart, gilded with the sunshine of all womanly and noble excellencies, while the father and son were little better than beasts of prey prowling beneath, comprehending nothing of the beauty and the glory of which they constituted the chief, if not only, obscuration. The father seems to have been more demon than brute ; subject to horrible fits of passion, the most innocent and harmless mode of appeasing which, was to get off up into the attic with ahorse pistol and load and fire out of the window until his rage was self-consumed. Displeased that his frail wife, victim of his lustful excesses, had been presented with a handsome silk dress, which, out of respect to his prejudices, or dread of his ire, she never put on, he snatched it out of her drawer and its constant concealment, and tore it into shreds and fragments. On a cold, dreary and rainy day, when his children, then small, came home with feet all wet, and had placed their little boots by the fire to dry, he came into the room, and because he disliked their color or quality (the boots also had, like the silk dress, been presented by some charitable friend), he seized them up and hurled the whole of them into the fire.

The son was no better, though not of the same cast of character. He had the talent of his mother and sisters, as the father had not, but he was a sold, bound and helpless victim to drunkenness. Motherly love, sisterly affection and forbearance availed nothing, though squandered upon him with a wealth that should save a world of sinners. Endowed with gifts that might have made him Prime Minister of the realm, nor wholly devoid of moral virtues, he died while but a boy, a wretched, worthless vagabond.

If Rochester was the victim of an unutterably false marriage, forced upon him by circumstances beyond his knowledge or control, how much more was Mrs. Bronte? And to wake her nation and the world to the unutterable evil, injustice and cruelty of such alliances, was the unspoken, and so, to a purblind world, the undiscovered purpose of the writer, of the yet-to-be reread, understood and appreciated Jane Eyre. So, often, if not always, does the divinest prophecy wait for fulfilment and comprehension.

That Mrs. Holloway's lecture contained many beauties and excellencies, none can justly question. That she herself has many of the gifts and graces for public speaking is also apparent from her performance on Wednesday evening, needing only patient and persistent culture. And that she did not, or dare not, apprehend the character she attempted to celebrate, is a misfortune she only shares with most of her nation.

The most lamentable defects in the lecture of Mrs. Holloway were her invidious, unjust and certainly unnecessary flings at the Woman Suffrage enterprise. In that, too, she received but equivocal compliment from her audience. Old Fogydom did, indeed, rattle its canes somewhat, but the larger, and by far the better portion of the audience, heard her with silence mingled with surprise and sorrow.

Can anybody doubt whether Charlotte Bronte would be to-day, where she living there, by the side of Frances Power Cobbe and Barbara L. Smith Bodichon, and Helen Taylor, and Emily Faithfull, and Lydia Becker, and Mrs. Jacob Bright, and Josephine Butler, and Rebecca Moore, and a whole host of others of Britain's noblest women, in demanding the right of suffrage equally with men? For the Misses, as well as the Mr. Brontes? Does Mrs. Holloway herself suppose the Bronte sisters, yea and their mother also, would not have gladly added the ballot to their almost superhuman efforts to rescue that poor besotted brother from the dragon fangs of the distiller and dramseller? Sorry compliment, indeed, does she pay to her English sisters, and American as well, who are struggling for the ballot as the shepherd's sling and stone to slay the huge Goliaths that to this hour defy their husbands and devour their sons! devour them before their very faces, in spite of all tears, entreaties and prayers! Let Mrs. Holloway, standing as by that long row of graves in the gloomy churchyard at Haworth, where the whole Bronte family are now sleeping in death, exchange those blasphemies against a holy, heaven-descended right, into earnest, solemn appeals in its behalf, as woman's last intensest resort, her forlorn hope against not only intemperance, but even more fearful forms of vice, of crime and wo ; and her reputation as a public lecturer will be advanced a thousand fold, and she will everywhere be hailed as an honor, an ornament and a benefactor to her sex.

P. P.

THE BALL IN MOTION.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has organized a new state political party and nominated Samuel Flint, Esq., of Lyme, as candidate for governor. Mr. Flint is and ever has been a practical, working farmer, an old abolitionist of the Garrison and Nathaniel Peabody Rogers school ; and with more brain and culture of it, too, than any governor the state has elected within a quarter of a century at least. If the workingmen will only rally around him, he can be elected, as the Kentuckian said they chose old Tippecanoe, President, "by spontaneous combustion!" On the questions of finance and the national bonds and debts, Mr. Flint is with the Progressives, and so is as well worthy the support of the democrats as of his own party, wherein he has ever been a burning and shining light. Of modest, retiring nature, he has never been half so well and widely known as his splendid abilities and great moral integrity warranted, and as the needs of his state and the country really required. As a member of the legislature at different times ; and by his frequent essays and communications to the public press, on most of the important public and political questions of the day, for the last five and twenty years ; by his stainless private character ; his unswerving devotion to anti-slavery, to the temperance question in evil report and good report ; to the cause of workingwomen, and women generally, and to whatever doctrine or measure he believed would advance the interests of human society, he certainly has proved himself in most eminent degree worthy and capable of filling the chair of chief magistrate, with an honor to himself and to the state, too, second to no other in its whole history. Emphatically is he the *people's* candidate. The working people's, men and women. His own interests are identical with theirs, both men and women. He has no interests separate from theirs. He would have none. Now let the laboring classes be true to him, and as God is true, so will he also be true to them.

P. P.

BEGGARY IN BOSTON.

IT isn't beggary exactly, but what is it better. Mrs. Eleanor Davis Rockwood thus writes to the Boston *Commonwealth* :

Go to a building close to one of our largest railway stations, covering five thousand feet of land, containing sixty-two rooms, occupied by four hundred and fifty human beings, without ventilation, without sun, its passages at mid-day dark as mid-night, two faucets in the yard the only supply of water, and the other accommodations needed in dwellings shamefully wanting. Filth, want and disease fill the house. Out of these victims for a property assessed at $30,000 a rent of $5,000 is annually ground.

This is no poor man's effort to scrape together an income out of his fellow-paupers. It is owned by a wealthy citizen, honored repeatedly with confidence by the community, who was not ashamed to collect his *unearned* rent by most cruel means. It now belongs to one whose name, given to a town, is found on a map of Massachusetts.

* * * * * * * * *

Cross the city, passing through granite palaces, and you come to a larger hive yet. This frail building, with two hundred and fifty rooms, a family in each, holding more than a thousand persons—no air, no sun—herded like beasts with no means of preserving the decencies of life. A farmer's horse is more comfortably stabled. London may equal this, but you must go to the worst underground tenements of New York to outdo it. The reason why I cannot paint these loathsome dens faithfully, is that you would not print words which alone can fitly describe them.

No matter about London nor New York. They are just as bad but not worse. These are only the muck and mire out of which Peabodys grow like the Javan Upas. It takes the toil, tears, brains, bones, sinews, souls of thousands like these poor wharf rats, to make a Peabody, an Astor, a Stewart.

> War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
> Kings could not play at. * * * *

Aye, and so is wealth a game, when so prodigiously amassed, which, were the people wise, would soon be given wings! Which, were the people any wiser than the fish of the sea, the large would not so eat up the small. But then, perhaps, it was so ordained to be before the foundation of the world ; and to continue so to be till those foundations be removed. Who knows?

P. P.

THE *Reform Investigator* reports Mrs. Brinckerhoff as lecturing in its part of Illinois, White Side Co., and thereabouts.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

It is wondrously improved since its new baptism. With Mr. Beecher as chief of editorial staff, it is winning the respect due to its new name. Here is what its Washington correspondent said of the late Woman Suffrage Convention there:

To-day many ladies who have been prominent in the woman movement met the Committees of the House and Senate on the District of Columbia, in session, to hear an appeal in favor of enfranchising women here. Both committees were fully represented. Senator Hamlin presided, and there were present among others, Senators Patterson, Sumner and Pratt, and Representatives Cook of Illinois, and Welcker of Ohio. About fifty ladies attended. The case was presented to the Committee by Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Beecher Hooker, and Mrs. Gage.

It is doubtful whether the advocates of Woman's Rights were ever listened to with more respectful attention. It is doubtful, too, whether they ever made a better impression upon those they have sought to enlist. It was a new chapter in congressional history. The speakers seemed to feel the situation, and the standing and ability of the men before them. These latter seemed, every one, to be really engaged in studying the novel case before them in the bearing of its advocates, and in their earnestness, as well as in their arguments. And from first to last there was nothing said or done that was not marked with earnestness.

While Miss Anthony was speaking, a quiet passage at arms took place between a member of the committee and Mrs. Hooker. The latter said to the committeeman, "Oh, she is too severe, too severe."

The reply came quickly, "Madam, we are all married men, and accustomed to bear these things."

To which the keen retort: "She isn't married, and so doesn't know how little men can bear."

Before adjournment, the committee assured the ladies that their arguments and requests should receive full attention. Senator Hamlin, in conveying this assurance, was somewhat unfortunate in his display of Biblical knowledge. Said he, "Mrs. Stanton, to use the language of Paul, as he went down to Damascus: 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian;'" and upon a reminder that he had made a mistake, added, "I should have said, when Saul was on his way to Damascus."

Woman as Architect.—Mrs. M. E. Joslyn Gage has celebrated "Woman as Inventor" in these pages, and more recently in a Tract with that title. But woman is already distinguishing herself as architect. Who knows so well as she how a house should be constructed? Men may build barns and bridges; but women know best, where they know common things at all, how to plan a dwelling in which they live, move and have their being. Most of the old houses in the rural districts are a perfect burlesque of all decency, comfort or convenience. And many of the later built are not much better. A girl's seminary that does not teach architecture doesn't know its business. Very few carpenters are capable of constructing a decent house, still less of instructing an apprentice. The nineteenth century laughs at the rude, but generally substantial kitchens and "fore rooms" of the eighteenth; but the twentieth will be along pretty soon and what will it say of a great deal over which we to-day crow and clap our wings?

The papers say that Mrs. Irwin, a sister of Stonewall Jackson, proposes an entire revolution in the method of building houses, and has applied for a patent for six-walled, or hexagonal apartments. She believes they are cheaper, handsomer, will give more space, and are capable of greater artistic beauty than the square houses. It is also stated that for the plan of the magnificant mansion which Mr. Charles O'Connor is now building on Fifth Avenue, designed for one of the finest in America, he is principally indebted to Mrs. O'Connor herself. All that woman asks anywhere, is equal opportunity with man. And then, wherein man succeeds and she fails, therein will she acknowledge her inferiority.

P. P.

Mrs. Lyman on Motherhood.—Mrs. Walter C. Lyman has completed her course of Physiological lectures in Dr. Chapin's Church in this city. The last on Maternity it is said was ably and eloquently presented; Woman's mission as wife and mother and the duty she owes to herself and to society. Mothers, she said, are responsible for the appetites and passions their children inherit, and should remember that all the sentiments and emotions of their nature are transmitted to their offspring; and a woman may become a power on earth, if not in her own person, in that of her child. Woman should be more controlled by judgment and less by feeling. Does any one, she asked, expect a strong organization of the children of a woman who faints at the sight of a beetle or a spider or a mouse? The mother can mould the child to her will from the first moment of its existence. Who doubts that "poets, orators, painters are born," not made? Who has not observed the cold, angular characters that have grown up in barren, cold and unloving homes? The mother that does not feel impressions of beauty and harmony will be likely to have children of cold, and probably, inharmonious natures. Every father and mother owes it to the world to develop such children as shall make the world better and advance the great ends of humanity. Six out of ten children born into the world die without being any real advantage to humanity: neither is the world any better for their having lived in it.

A Sad Fact.—The New York *Times* too truly says:

A girl with any pretentions to beauty or family, looks, in marrying, to be maintained in luxury without physical effort of her own, and even those moral repayments which of yore were things of course—the tacit acknowledgments that brighten the fireside and smooth the rugged masculine path—are now, we fear, all too seldom regarded as obligatory.

Less true is this of the country than of the city, it is to be hoped, but the cities are now so numerous that their unwholesome atmosphere envelopes much of the country also. One thing is clear. Those who inconsiderately rush into marriage cherishing such ideas, are doomed inevitably to the saddest of disappointments. Idleness in men or women, is yet to be regarded as a heinous crime. Should be so regarded now. Whoever produces nothing to feed body or soul is a robber. To be maintained by others while in youth and health, is unutterable meanness. No lady will submit to it, any more than would a gentleman. A pauper in Fifth Avenue and in fine apparel, and a fine coach, is no better than a pauper in the poor house or penitentiary. She may not be half so good. She is not if the latter be old, or diseased and disabled, and she be young and healthy. Killers of time are as really murderers as any others. The picture of old Time with his scythe might be reversed. The idlers might be represented with the scythe mowing down Time, only that it would show them as appearing to be doing something while they are not. They would not kill time if it required labor to do it. They overlay it and kill it in that way, as an intoxicated mother sometimes does her babe.

P. P.

Grace Greenwood.—Too late for to-day, but such a letter as is ever good.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The Springfield *Republican* is fully over to our side, and its great circulation and influence in western Massachusetts, with the *Spy* and the *Argus* in Worcester, would be sufficient assurance of success in that state, Boston or no Boston. The *Republican* last week reported the Hampden County Woman Suffrage Association as holding a spirited Convention in Chicopee, Monday afternoon and evening, which was well attended in spite of the rain; the principal addresses by Mrs. Celia Burleigh, Lucy Stone, Mrs. Campbell and Messrs. Gordon and Sanborn of Springfield. Resolutions were adopted, after a spirited debate. Some members of the Association went up to Florence on Saturday and perfected an organization for Hampshire County; Rev. E. G. Cobb of Florence (Congregational) being chosen President, C. C. Burliegh, Corresponding Secretary, Seth Hunt, of Northampton, Recording Secretary, and Miss Augusta Segur, of Northampton, Treasurer. The next meeting of the Hampden Association, the *Republican* adds, will be held in Springfield with Wendell Phillips for principal speaker.

In both Hampshire and Hampden Counties, many of the most influential citizens, both men and women (and few counties have more such citizens), have espoused the Suffrage cause with earnest devotion and it must flourish in their hands. What a millennial revival and advance since The Revolution, *only two years ago*, unfurled its banner and sounded the bugle of conflict! History has not its parallel.

P. P.

"Surf."—Olive Logan's play of this name, giving pictures of Long Branch in the summer season, was produced in magnificent style last Wednesday at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in this city, and is announced to be played every night until further notice. It is full of Miss Logan's brilliant wit and laughter-stirring humor, as well as abounding in keen satire of the follies of the day. The heroine is a leader of the *ton*, *Mrs. Madison Noble*, who in the course of the evening has something sharp and telling to say in behalf of Woman's Rights. On the other hand there is a ridiculous old woman, *Mrs. Oyle*, ignorant, vulgar and bad tempered, who sneers at "them strong-minded women," and makes herself generally an object of amused contempt. This is turning the tables on the people who have hitherto made the stage a vehicle for caricaturing Woman's Rights, and Miss Logan has certainly opened the eyes of theatre-goers to a new idea under the sun. Olive is doing good work, in her own way, and with her own weapons, which are very effective weapons, too, in her industrious hands.

It is worth while going to the theature, "just for once," to see such a play as this of Miss Logan's.

Colored People at the South.—Whoever travels through the South with eyes open will agree with the southern correspondent of the Boston *Banner of Light*, who says, on plantations even where the freedmen remain, and in about the same numbers as before the war, there are not more than one-fourth as many children born among them as when they were slaves, and he finds this the case generally among the negroes of the old slave states; while the present generation is dying from various causes faster than before the war.

DEPRAVITY AT THE CAPITOL.

Mr. Dawes has lately exposed one phase of it, for which the nation owes him thanks whether it does any good or not. Others, in Congress and out, have done it before, republicans as well as democrats. Here is what a correspondent of the N. Y. *World* writes; not as new or strange, but only one more chapter. Will the people ever be wise?

Among the lobby women in Washington last winter was the daughter of a present United States Senator, whose father, years ago, refused to let her marry the man of her choice. She eloped with him, he deceived her by a mock marriage, he having two other wives, so-called, living; he took all her jewels, and even most of her clothing, and abandoned her. * * *

Another Senator's wife, who is an invalid cannot be unaware, for no one else is, that her husband has stocked no less than six of his mistresses on the civil service as clerks, and that he adds to the number every season.

Another Senator, a South-west carpet-bagger, foisted his mistress on the treasury department last year, and was influential enough to have her salary continued while he sent her on to New York to undergo an abortion. She died. The Senator himself drew the arrears of pay ostensibly for the mother of the murdered woman, who has yet to see the first cent of it.

Another honorable, this time of the House, was driven out of a leading hotel six years ago for notorious conduct with a married woman, and that with the consent of the husband. That husband is now clerk of that Congressman's committee, his wife is the Congressman's mistress, and her son is a page on the floor of the House and waits on his mutual fathers every day.

The Peabody Pageant.—The little *Evening Globe and Press*, of this city, talks sensibly about it, as it does about everything of the kind where needless displays of pride and show are wasted and worse in the midst of misery, squalor, and starvation. What is this magnificent mourning after all but "*the dead burying the dead?*" The *Globe and Press* says:

We have already expressed our opinion of so much extravagance and parade over the lifeless remains of one who set a better example of economy while he lived. We think it both foolish and wicked. If the poor of Portland and Peabody had been clothed and fed how much more beautiful, touching, and appropriate it would have been, than all the present display of plumes, wax candles, lying in state, etc. The Maine Legislature refuses to attend this melancholy Vanity Fair; the New York Legislature takes the same sensible view of the matter, and it is said Gen. Lee will not be present at the funeral.

The Woman's Advocate.—It calls The Revolution to account in this wise:

We thank The Revolution for its kind notice of us in its last issue, but please, Mrs. Revolution, do not say of our city "the *little town of Dayton* should be proud of its *Advocate*," etc. Cities of 60,000 inhabitants are not "little towns" here in the west, whatever you might term them in the latitude of the metropolis. Take back that "libel," Susan, or we shall plead guilty to the charge made against the entire group of "Revolution-children," and "disown our mother."

Your "mother," noble *Advocate*, is away in Boston to look after that hopeful branch of her rapidly increasing family, and so it becomes another in her absence to say simply that no disrespect was meant to Dayton, but only compliment to the *Advocate*, which is big enough, every way, for sixty times "60,000 inhabitants." Were Dayton half as big as the *Advocate*, it would subscribe for a copy for every family in it. Numerically, 60,000 people are a goodly number, and Dayton may well rejoice in its growth. Within the memory of this writer, there was no town there, nor anything of importance nearer than Cincinnati, and that was little more than a trading post, surrounded by wild beasts and Indians.

The *Advocate* in its larger size and improved appearance every way, is deserving, and it is to be hoped, is meeting with a corresponding success.

WOMAN IN THE LABOR REFORM.

The *Reform Investigator* of Morrison, Ill., publishes, and the Nashville (Tenn.) *Labor Union* copies the following on woman's right to full equality of rights with man:

The fundamental law of the United States and of each individual state, is based upon the principle that man has certain inalienable rights: "The right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" the last including rights of property and of conscience. These rights are common to every citizen of whatever sex—not to the male sex solely.

The laws enacted by the people through their agents, the legislature, are intended to define, regulate and protect each citizen of both sexes in the enjoyment of their rights; and if the laws are not in harmony with the constitution they are null and void. What is the theory of the ballot? It is the power which the citizen possesses of enacting the laws and expressing his preference as to the agent who shall execute them. Men value the right of suffrage and justly so, as it is their safe-guard under the Constitution against tyranny. If so, the right of suffrage is valuable to woman? Is she not subject to the same law, and are not her rights as dear to her as rights of man to him? Is it not reasonable that she should desire the privilege of expressing her choice through the ballot-box as to the laws and those who are to execute them? Even if she does not express the wish to vote, ought she not to have the right to protect her rights? There can be but one reply to these questions. There are no reasons why man should vote which do not equally apply to woman. The law of custom, prejudice, is the only objection which can be raised against suffrage to woman. The power of prejudice must sooner or later yield to the force of reason, the voice of conscience and the law of justice. Men may not admit women into competition with themselves in the various occupations of society; many deny their intellectual and physical ability, but they cannot deny that under the constitution of our free government they are citizens, and as such ought to be allowed the right of suffrage.

Frederick Douglass in Washington.—The *Chronicle* says a large and highly appreciative audience greeted the appearance of Mr. Douglass, and applauded his effort on "Our Composite Nationality." There have been few lectures in Washington better deserving of extended notice, but the crowded state of our columns forbid. It adds, Mr. Douglass is undoubtedly the foremost man of his race, and his eloquence and cogency of thought would adorn the legislative halls of any nation. That adornment probably only waits the richer accompaniment of woman, and will not have to wait long.

Woman's Wages.—The Rochester Daily *Chronicle* calls the Boston *Traveller* a consistent advocate of the rights of woman because it employs girls to do its type-setting and gives them the same wages it pays male compositors. It adds, there are some Woman's Rights organs, if we are not mistaken, which employ girls and pay them but half price for their work, when there is no earthly reason why women, for doing the same work that men do, should not get the same pay.

That is what The Revolution holds; and it will be happy to expose any establishment of any kind, private or corporate, that makes any difference in wages merely on account of the sex of those who do the work.

Weekly Mail.—St. Louis has just set in motion a large and well executed newspaper of that name, with a Woman's Department in charge of Mrs. W. T. Hazard. It costs three dollars a year.

CALIFORNIA.

The following interesting extracts are from a letter by Mrs. Coelia Curtis, Cor. Sec. San Francisco W. S. Association, dated San. Francisco, January, 10th 1870:

We have now local organizations in seven counties in California; San Francisco, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, San Diego, Nevada, Sonoma and Solano.

In San Francisco the first meeting was called July 27th, 1869. Only five women were present. These pledged themselves to the organization, and received much encouragement from the timely visit of Anna Dickinson, and her earnest, heart-stirring words. We owe her more than we can express. * * *

From five members the San Francisco Society has grown rapidly, as all are invited to join in this glorious work who will subscribe to our constitution and pay the dues.

The present officers of the society are as follows: President, Mrs. Mary Coggins; Vice President, Mrs. Emily Pitts; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Collins; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. McComb; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Coelia Curtis. * * * * * * *

Now that we have become aroused and earnest workers, we appreciate more fully the labor that others have willingly performed for years. Surely the blessing of all women will be some reward for such faithfulness, even if in sorrow we should suffer defeat in the end. No one labors in a just cause with true zeal without a crown,—and a cause that demands tears helps to form noble souls.

When woman is lifted up and made free and wholly equal to man, her labor protected, her talents respected and her name honored, she will instinctively seek out and glorify those who bore the heat and danger of the battle for her defence.

The Temperance Cause.—A writer in the Elizabeth (New Jersey) *Herald*, describing a temperance lecture delivered there by Dr. Jewett, the well known apostle of that reform, who seems not to have fully satisfied this writer, closes with these words:

Now, I would not limit the grace of God, or underrate the power of the christian church, but at the same time, I think that God will not work a miracle to do the work which he has designed for man; for we have not, in my judgment, exhausted our means to destroy the monster. Permit me to suggest "*woman's suffrage.*" Yes, laugh who will, but I venture this prophecy, that within ten years, the women of our land will vote, and I will venture further, and say that the weak-kneed politicians of to-day, will show a bold front on the temperance line then, and woe be to the man who suffers his name to run on a "moral suasion" ticket. The wives and mothers of our land, whose hearts have bled and bled again, o'er the wrecks caused by rum, among their loved ones, would know how to manage rum shops, if they had the power. Women will yet redeem us from this curse, and he who lives ten years will see it.

C. B.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Jewett does not, like John B. Gough, go about the country ridiculing woman suffrage. Mr. Gough pays high homage to his mother's memory sometimes. Perhaps if she and other mothers had held the power of the ballot in their hands, their sons might many of them have been much sooner reclaimed from the paths of the destroyer than they were, *and saved from relapse after they were reclaimed.* What would Dr. Jewett say to that? What would Mr. Gough say?

Correspondents must be patient with us.

THE SITUATION AT THE SOUTH.

THE following extracts are from a private letter written to P. P. of THE REVOLUTION by a gentleman who has recently returned from a two years residence at the South, and whose testimony on the southern situation will be received as above suspicion wherever he is known:

I have but lately read your letters in the *Independent* and REVOLUTION on the condition of the South. I cannot say I am *happy* to agree with you, but that I am *compelled* to bear witness to the general correctness of the letters, so nearly do they correspond with my two years observation in South Carolina. I saw a great deal of the negro character and condition that I have never told abroad, lest some Democratic Philistines should raise a howl of triumph, though in truth the Democracy have just about as much cause for triumph over the negro's wretched condition as the rum-seller for exultation over the desolation and misery that the traffic in liquors has produced; slavery, to which the blacks owe their degradation, being a pet Democratic institution.

The southern whites "accept the situation," and well they may, when they know they can shape that situation pretty much to suit themselves.

A very pious Southerner near to me said what has proved literally true: "We are beaten, but not conquered, by G—d." The slaveholding spirit is not subdued an iota. Whether it is more "cruelly unjust" to tell things about as they are, and thus warn the north that their duty is not yet done, than to say that everything is going on swimmingly, each one must judge for himself. I have no doubt, from my own experience and observation as a teacher, that Mr. Alvord's statistics of schools are correct, and that the devoted teachers of those schools are, as you say, doing all that can be expected under the circumstances; and that many children are making progress in knowledge and perhaps in morals; but to suppose everything else is flourishing in proportion, is sheer nonsense.

I know some of the glowing accounts we have would lead us to suppose the old masters had become tender as lambs; according to the blacks all their rights, and living on the most pleasant terms with them; but this view disposes of the popular theory that the age of miracles is past.

I was pretty intimate with the details of the wages system that you speak of, and found it to be an utter failure. One proprietor took pains to show me his account book, which showed that there must be on settlement a balance against almost every hand. Others gave me similar accounts. They keep those little stores you describe, where the hands took up all their earnings, and generally without the least approach to economy. In spending a dollar they would perhaps buy a loaf of bread at ten or twelve cents, and the rest would take up in useless nicnacks and gewgaws. The share system did some better, affording, as it did, more stimulus to labor.

As to whether the negroes are intemperate or not, they haven't the means to get liquor generally, to be habitual drunkards, but I had reason to believe that their fondness for it was pretty general. Certainly, on one occasion, when the hands on a rice plantation where I was stopping, had completed a certain part of heir work in good order, the proprietor, to gratify them, treated them with whiskey. All drank it raw with real gusto, and drank it clear, men and women, and considered it, apparently, as a real luxury.

On the same plantation one of the women, unsolicited, proposed to the proprietor that if he would like to raise a colored child, she was at his disposal for the purpose. This unnatural proposition she made as coolly as she would have applied for his washing, considering it just as proper; nor was she apparently below the average in moral perception; nor probably was this an unusual occurrence. These things and many others that I could recite, only show the blasting, dehumanizing effects of the slave system. They also show that the work of education and elevation is but just begun.

N. Y. CITY AND COUNTY SUFFRAGE MEETING.

THE New York City and County Woman Suffrage Association, organized at the Woman's Bureau on January 6th, adopted the following constitution and articles:

Whereas, The denial of the right of the ballot to woman is in direct opposition to the genius of our institutions and the Declaration of Independence, which says, "All governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed," and that Taxation without Representation is base injustice;

Therefore, We, citizens of the City and County of New York, believing that the ballot, as the legalized voice of the people, is the right of every law-abiding citizen, do associate ourselves together for the purpose of securing the ballot to woman.

SECTION 1, Article 1. This Association shall be called the New York City and County Women's Suffrage Association, and shall be auxiliary to the State Women's Suffrage Association.

ART. 2. Its object shall be to secure the ballot to woman.

ART. 3. Any citizen of the City and County of New York can become a member of this Association by signing the constitution and paying not less than fifty cents annually, and no other persons shall be entitled to vote in the meetings of the Association. The officers shall be a president, vice-presidents from at least three wards, secretary, treasurer, and a business committee of not less than three and not more than five members.

SEC. 2, Art. 1. No person shall make a speech in the regular meetings of the Association except to a motion or resolution, unless invited to speak by vote of the members; and all resolutions to be discussed must be presented by or with the consent of the Business Committee.

ART. 2. A member shall not speak more than ten minutes upon a motion or resolution, unless invited by vote to do so; and a member shall not speak more than twice upon the same resolution, except in explanation or correction.

ART. 3. The public meetings of this Association shall be held monthly, and special meetings weekly.

ART. 4. The officers of this Association shall report at the regular meetings of the City and County Association, and at the annual meeting of the State Woman's Suffrage Association.

ART. 5. The Association shall be governed by the usual parliamentary order, except otherwise determined by special vote or by law.

The officers are as follows: President—Mrs. C. B. Wilbour. Vice-Presidents—Mrs. L. D. Blake, Dr. R. F. Hallock, Mrs. Somerby. Secretaries—Mrs. Abbie B. Crosby, Mr. O. B. Poole. Chairman of Executive Committee—Mrs. Frances V. Hallock.

Since the organization, weekly meetings have been held every Saturday at the hall, corner Broadway and Twenty-third street. At each of these meetings a subject for discussion in the form of a resolution is proposed. The subject on Saturday, January 29th, was, "Woman as Heroine;" and notwithstanding the rainy day, a fair audience was assembled to discuss it. Dr. Hallock took the chair. On motion, Mrs. M. E. J. Gage acted as secretary.

Mrs. Hallock first spoke of the heroism of women of the Bible, speaking of Deborah, Huldah, and Jael, but holding up for emulation rather the characters of Anna, Elizabeth, Mary, and other women of the New Testament. She also called attention to the very great work performed by women in the sanitary and hospital departments during the late war.

Mrs. Blake reviewed profane history for many examples of heroism on the part of women, maintaining that wherever brought to the test, the courage of women had been equal to that of men, as was proved by their bravery in sieges where they often fought as well as men, their heroic endurance of death by torture, stake, or axe; their firmnness as martyrs, and their daring as suicides when the mistaken faith of the country regarded self-destruction as a duty, instancing numerous examples from the time when Semiramis lead the armies of Assyria to conquest—to the Revolutionary days, when Moll Pitcher served a cannon at the risk of life—to prove that women had shown, when permitted the opportunity, the valor and skill of men on the battle-field.

Mrs. Gage spoke of the resolution of the women before the Revolution—how they banded together to deny themselves tea or any luxuries that came from England, and thus stimulated the men to resist English tyranny.

Mr. Poole claimed that women would use their influence for peace rather than for war.

Dr. Hallock said it was high time that in a republic founded on reason and right and not brute force, the intelligence and morality of women should be allowed its weight; that until this was admitted the progress of the country could only be like that of a man walking on one leg.

Dr. Marvin read a letter from a lady in Paris, saying that the great hope of the French women was in a republic; that many leading Republicans were in favor of women's suffrage, but it was hopeless under the empire.

After taking several memberships, the meeting adjourned.

MICHIGAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

A VERY large and successful Convention for Woman Suffrage, was held in Battle Creek, Michigan, on the 20th and 21st of January. A state society was organized with the following as its board of officers:

President—Moses Coit Tyler, Ann bor.
Vice-President—Mrs. L. H. Stone, Kalamazoo.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. E. Cochrane, Detroit.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. C. C. Lathrop, Jackson.
Treasurer—Colin Campbell, Detroit.
Executive Committee—Dr. S. B. Thayer, Battle Creek, Mrs. F. Titus, Battle Creek, Hon. J. G. Waite, Sturgis Mrs. L. H. Dexter, Ionia, Mr. Jas. Gamble, East Saginaw, Mrs. D. C. Blakeman, Kalamazoo, Mrs. C. H. F. Stebbins, Detroit.

The President of the Convention was the Rev. J. A. B. Stone of Kalamazoo. He and Mrs. Stone were very active, it is said, in promoting the objects and interests of the occasion at Battle Creek, as were also Mrs. Livermore of the *Woman's Journal*, Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Cutler of Ohio, Rev. Mr. Loveland of Battle Creek, Mr. Fox, Mr. Blakeman, Mr. Stebbins and others, including Mrs. Hazlett of Hillsdale, of whom one reporter said:

Among the speakers we noticed a Mrs. Hazlett of Hillsdale, who with a little more experience would make Anna Dickinson look well to her laurels. Mrs. Lathrop of Jackson, showed a power over an audience that was

almost enchantment. A soft voice, yet clear and musical and an earnestness of purpose that made every sentiment tell upon her auditors.

And another:

The address of Mrs. Hazlett was lengthy, entirely extempore, and one of the most thrilling delivered before the Convention, its effect being not a little heightened by the young and pleasing appearance of the speaker.

Among the resolutions adopted were the following offered by Colonel D. H. Fox, of Kalamazoo:

Resolved, That in the organization of the Woman Suffrage Association we disavow all interference with any other questions, social and religious. We aim only to secure to women the political rights which are hers inherently. We therefore invite the co-operation of men and women of all parties, political or religious, and urge that it is the duty of all to keep this question above and free from all sectarian entanglements. Let the only test of membership be—he or she that can accomplish the most, let such be the honored one.

MR. DAWES AND THE NATIONAL EXPENDITURES.—Mr. Dawes has turned the stream of his eloquence into a fouler than the Augaean stables with their sixty thousand unclean oxen. Nor is it remarkable that he has roused the wrath of the guilty actors in the monstrous plunderings of the people. But it is equally cheering to see what a vast proportion of even the republican press support him in his fearful charges against the administration. For instance, the N. Y. *Tribune* says:

Mr. Dawes's speech in defense of his notable appeal, a few days ago, for more economy in the estimates for appropriations, was strong and manly. Before receiving a full report of the detailed items and figures, we cannot undertake to say that he vindicated fully his previous statement of the aggregate amount of these estimates; but the whole tone of his speech is sincere, and the tendency of it is good and only good. We commend Mr. Dawes, and beg Members of Congress to understand that they will make more political capital for themselves and for the Administration by uniting with him in the effort to reduce appropriations, than by assailing him therefor.

Let Mr. Dawes persevere as he has begun, and neither Peabody nor any*body* will deserve to be more highly honored as a public benefactor. The people, men women and children, will be with him just as fast as they come to understand what he has undertaken.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,"

and Mr. Dawes may now "take it at the flood."

P. P.

ILLINOIS WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.—The annual meeting of the Illinois Woman Suffrage Association will be held in the Opera House at Springfield, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Februery 8th and 9th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m. Among the speakers who will address the convention are: Hon. E. M. Haines, member of the Constitutional Convention; Lucy Stone; Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, Galesburg; Mary A. Livermore; Rev. Edward Eggleston; Miss Lilly Peckham, of Milwaukee; Miriam M. Cole, and others.

MRS. ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER prolonged her stay in Washington a week after the Convention. In a private letter she reports several very interesting interviews with members of Congress, some of whom expressed a deep and friendly sympathy towards the woman suffrage movement. She is now (Tuesday) in Philadelphia and has visited some of the medical and other institutions there in which women have special interest. She expresses herself as highly gratified with her visits and private interviews with many prominent persons in both cities.

THE PEOPLE'S TRIBUNE.—A very pretty and well conducted little fifty-cent paper with that name, comes from Gold Hill, Nevada. It is hardly yet in position as to regular issue, but speaks to the purpose on all great political, social and moral questions, Woman Suffrage not excepted. For the fallen or "*stumbled*" woman, as it terms the most unfortunate class, it has such words as these:

The chief obstacle to the stumbled woman's restoration is herself. She has no hope. She has no faith in the helpfulness of man, and still less in the charity of woman. And why is this? No one *dares* help her or even be seen with her, lest he or she should be "suspected." Though we are taught that Jesus died for the reclamation of the erring (earning the appellation of "*friend* of publicans and sinners"), and though America is nominally Christian, yet in all the land Christian men and women *dare* not be so much as *suspected* of trying to reclaim the erring. Has salt lost its savor, or Christ's spirit its quality, or do the churchmen equally with the outside people need Christianization? To end this damning shame to manhood's spirit of helpfulness, without organizing any "midnight mission," this journal will seek free entrance wherever the fallen are, equally with access to the most honorable parlors, seeking, without superfluous lecturing, to win the respect, friendliness and sympathy especially, of those who are more precious in the sight of Heaven than those who have not strayed and who need no repentence.

Such we shall seek, by their choice, to restore to their friends, and for friends will seek to discover the missing.

A SOUTHERN VOICE.—One of the best newspapers that comes to this office from the South is the *North Carolinian*, published at Elizabeth City, in North Carolina. On the question of Woman Suffrage it speaks thus:

A correspondent in referring to a communication in a recent issue of the *North Carolinian* on the subject of women voting, asks us whether we are in favor of it? We answer—whenever the women of this country desire the ballot, give it to them. We are in favor of removing all burthens—all oppressive restraints and giving them the largest enfranchising they, in their good judgment, may demand. Woman is a citizen—a peaceable member of society. She has sons and daughters to educate, and holds property that is taxed. Here the old story of taxation without representation chimes in. To the objection of our correspondent that she *is* virtually represented, we reply with old James Otis that there is no such thing as virtual representation. Hence, while we do not feel called upon to agitate this question, nor yet to especially advocate it in our columns, we are free to say that we interpose no obstacles.

A few more REVOLUTIONS will bring so honorable and high-minded an editor as this, up to the level of genuine republicanism.

A LADY who attended the first Woman's Rights Convention ever held in America, or in the world, and who has attended nearly all held in this country since, writes to Miss Anthony in a private letter as below:

Your criticism in THE REVOLUTION of the N. Y. *Tribune's* report of the Washington Convention, was well deserved. My husband speaks very indignantly in a letter I just received from him here of that report. It is a shame that such a convention should be so travestied. However, I think our cause has reached a point where no foes, covert or avowed, can injure it much.

A BAD MOVE.—A dangerous proposition is agitating Washington, namely, to enlarge the Representatives Chamber. Two better things than that are possible, and either of them much more desirable; first, to enlarge the mental and moral calibre of those who sit there, or secondly, to reduce their number fully one-half.

THE *Woman's Journal* Association in Boston has applied to the Massachusetts legislature for an act of incorporation, which that august body seems to treat with indifference. It will hear tones by and by that will startle it.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN IRELAND.—In a letter addressed to the Manchester Committee for Woman's Suffrage, apologizing for her not being able to attend the general meeting of that society, Mrs. Anne Robertson stated that the petition from the inhabitants of Dublin in favor of the enfranchisement of women was, in 1868, the most numerously signed presented from any part of the United Kingdom, with the exception of three, including the large general petition headed by Mrs. Somerville and Miss Florence Nightingale, while in 1869 the petitions from Dublin received nearly double the number of signatures appended in 1868. Miss Robertson's influence has been widely extended in support of the claims of women to justice, as through it nearly twenty thousand persons have petitioned in Ireland in favor of these claims during the last two sessions of Parliament; her exertions in this respect in various ways, having involved to herself a cost of five hundred pounds.

THE WOMEN'S PARLIAMENT.—The inquiry is raised whether it has been prorogued or dissolved, or what has become of it. A member is authority for the assertion that it still lives and moves, and for one thing, is about organizing an extensive Physiological and Sanitary Institute in this city, the object of which will be to disseminate among women a wider knowledge of the human system, of the laws that govern health and life, and the means of preventing sickness and suffering, and to secure (through such knowledge) a hardier motherhood and a less feebly developed posterity than is now the heritage of the American race, than which nothing could be much more important.

THE RADICAL.—Among all the magazine literature of America, the *Radical* stands alone as the champion of untrammelled thought and largest liberty in things theological and spiritual. It not the acknowledged organ, it is least the one channel through which flow mainly the utterances of the new church of Free Religionists, the legitimate discipleship of Theodore Parker, of whom are some of the noblest and ablest men and women in New England, New York, and everywhere.

The *Radical* believes in full equality of rights among men and women, and here is its good word for THE REVOLUTION in the January number:

We are glad to say that THE REVOLUTION, which has never lacked the quality of earnestness, has steadily advanced in ability as an advocate of the new career that is opening up for men and women, and seems now to have established itself in the esteem and support of a large and intelligent public. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is editor, and Miss Susan B. Anthony, proprietor. It is sold at three dollars a year. If ability and earnestness, and character withal, may command success, THE REVOLUTION will not come to an untimely nor unfruitful end.

COPYING AND WRITING INK.—To those who like its lighter color or hue, there is not an article of Ink in the market, and never was, superior to Carter's Combined Writing and Copying Ink. It certainly flows like oil, will not thicken nor mould, soon becomes dark enough, and is then a "fast color." Carter & Bros., 27 Milk St., Boston, are proprietors, with a branch at 36 Dey St., New York.

MRS. MOORE'S LETTER.—It is of surpassing interest this week. Indeed when are her letters otherwise?

LITERARY.

SOCIAL LIFE, Analyzed and Illustrated, embracing Medical Common Sense applied to causes, prevention and cure of Chronic Diseases—with private words to men—private words to women—with hints to the childless and plain home talk on whatever pertains to the family, etc., etc. By Edward B. Foote, M.D. New York: Wells & Co., publishers, 432 Broome street.

Here is a volume of more than 900 pages on subjects of the most vital interest possible to the human race, and yet subjects less understood by the generality of that race, than any other ever presented for its consideration. It should not be a *sensational* work, but it is, and must be, for the reason that it treats of the social, sexual, marital and parental relations as no other ever has, and the sensation will arise from the novelty, variety and extent of study, research and reflection embodied on the one hand, and the thoughtlessness, indifference and ignorance of the whole community on the other. It is a book which everybody who sees will seize and hold as long as possible, and read and devour, and then probably secretly approve in the main, if openly condemning. As doubtless many will condemn, since it belongs to a class of literature not hitherto common, and certainly only accepted or received with caution; that kind of caution which aggravates the evils (if they be evils) that it is supposed should be avoided. The "tree of knowledge" in Eden was the forbidden tree, as many still believe, of knowledge solely on the subjects prominent in this work by Dr. Foote, which is really a great orchard heavily laden with the fruit of knowledge pertaining to the whole relation, public, private, social, sexual and parental between man and woman as the two hemispheres of humanity; and moreover one of the most extensive (may not be the best) medical advisers that a family can procure.

MANUAL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. Being a condensation of The Principals of Social Science of H. C. Carey, LL.D. By Kate McKean. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird, Industrial publisher, 403 Walnut street. Pp. 548. Price $2.50.

What Mrs. Putnam's compilation of Kellogg's *New Monetary System* is to the original work, the *Manual of Social Science* is to the original by Mr. Carey. In both the genius and ability of woman to treat of the most intricate problems in political economy are abundantly demonstrated. Only the short columns of THE REVOLUTION prevent a more extended notice of this work. It will, however, be recurred to again and some extracts be made from it, that will bring its subject matter more distinctly into view. Of its philosophy, of course, there must be differences of opinion. But of the ability of treatment of the many and various themes presented, though the compilation be a woman's work, there can be no difference.

OLD AND NEW. The *Atlantic Monthly* must look to its well-earned laurels. It never had a rival in New England till now. And it is in no spirit of invidious comparison that this hint is thrown out; certainly with no wish to undervalue the *Monthly*. It has built up an enviable reputation by honest actual merit, and no man can take its crown. New England made the *Monthly* and the *Old and New* both; can sustain both; Boston is honored as the home and headquarters of both; has literary and moral excellence to conduct both; and the blessing to be pronounced on both is that they may grow and flourish by not unduly venerating the *Old* to the detriment and cost of the *New*. The *New* inevitably includes the civil and political equality of the sexes. The February number of the *Old and New* does not declare it; the January did not, but as Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is a regular contributor, there is no danger to be apprehended on that most important particular. And it is very doubtful whether four dollars can be better invested any way in the world than in a subscription for the *Old and New*. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co., 135 Washington street. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 420 Broome street. $4 a year.

PACKARD for February is abroad, and all the papers notice, and most of them praise it. Frequently one number is worth the two dollars the twelve cost. Rev. Dr. Deems opens the February number with a beautiful sketch of the home of Alice and Phebe Cary, good enough for the pages of THE REVOLUTION, and now that its readers are joyfully receiving the weekly visits of the elder of these most excellent women in her representative, "The Born Thrall," they will, no doubt, be equally pleased to know something of "The house she lives in," a pleasure they shall enjoy as soon as our space permits the article by Dr. Deems. This week, however, a paper all about another woman, not wholly unknown, will be found on a preceding page, by the editor of the *Monthly* himself. The whole February number is well filled. *Packard*, 937 Broadway.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD. A monthly magazine of science, literature and religion. New York: Catholic Publication House, 126 Nassau street. Five dollars, in advance. And to scholars and reflective persons well worth the money. The opening article for February is a continuance of the review of "The Future of Protestantism and Catholicity," by the Abbe F. Martin, with promise of more in succeeding numbers. The article on the First Œcumenical Council of the Vatican is very interesting at this time, and so are several others. Indeed the *World* has ushered itself into the business of 1870 with a spirit honorable to its past, and good assurance for time to come.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. The February number contains biographical and critical sketches of George Washington, Confucius the Chinese sage, "Father" Hyacinthe, Edwin M. Stanton, Clark M. Loomis, Victor M. Rice, Charles Babbage the inventor-mathematician, Hon. J. Coogan; with portraits. Public Cheats, The "Blues," The Rich and the Poor, A Petrified Forest, The Turning Point, illustrated, Spectrum Analysis, Legal Education, Catarrh—Cause and Cure, Appetite—Its Sensualism, Theory of the Aurora Borealis, and many other things besides. Terms, $3 a year; 30 cents a number. S. R. Wells, Editor, New York.

THE VICTORIA MAGAZINE. London: Emily Faithful, printer and publisher in ordinacy to her Majesty. No Woman's Rights library begins to be complete without it. Twenty years ago, when the American Anti-Slavery agitation was at its height, there were more good anti-slavery libraries in Great Britain than in America. Such abolitionists as the Webbs, the Wighams, the Estlins, the Luptons, the Armisteads and many others had every important American work (and some not very important), besides those of their own and other European countries. The *Victoria Magazine* is monthly at one shilling (twenty-four cents) a number.

THE RADICAL still holds the field single-handed of its class. And a gallant onset it makes upon the hoary walls and buttresses of bigotry and blind devotion to the fossil formulas of the past. That its pages beam only and all times with truth is hardly to be expected, but no reader of common intelligence can complain that it lacks ability or charity. And out of every monthly issue can be dug rich nuggets of genuine metal, even though there be some alloy. Boston: S. H. Morse, editor and proprietors. $4 a year.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE of Literature, Science, Art and national interests. Truly that, and something more. Its Table Talk shows with what ability it is edited, and its department of Literature proves the watchfulness and wisdom with which it is able to keep guard over the now noisy and tumultuous throng that besiege the press with their claims to the public ear.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for January 29 has elegant illustrations, including a fine portrait of John Stuart Mill, with sketch, by George M. Towle, and a superb steel engraving, well worthy a frame; subject, Clearing a Farm among Logs. The reading matter, too, is capital. 10 cents single; 4 dollars a year. Appleton & Co., 90 Grand street, New York.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY. Office, 19 East 4th street. A splendid report of 72 pages, all about Mr. Brace and his boys and girls, numbering many thousands, to whom readers of THE REVOLUTION were lately introduced at considerable length, and shall be again, to keep up acquaintance.

THE HOME MONTHLY. Devoted to literature and religion. A. B. Stack, Editor. Nashville, Tenn. A wholesome family journal it is, too. Though not subscribing to the doctrines of THE REVOLUTION, "as a guide," it recommends it to its readers as "able, out-spoken and lively," and "valuable and significant for its facts."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. February is as good as its predecessors. The *Monthly* is publishing good articles on California and its Chinese, and on Congress and its Doings and Misdoings, the latter by Mr. Parton. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. New York: 713 Broadway. $4 a year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, AND BAZAR are waited for as institutions, as full moons and sunrises—the *Bazar*, conducted wholly by woman, and certainly unrivalled in its various departments. Each four dollars a year; 10 cents single.

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HARPER'S BAZAR AND WEEKLY are both models of their kind, women having much to do with their production. The former for February 5 has a "Blotting Paper" concerning "Grandmothers" of special interest and value. New York: Harper & Bros. $4 a year.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Boston: Elias Howe, 103 Court street. New York: American News Company, 119 Nassau street. $3 a year; to Clubs, 7 copies for $18; single copy, by mail, 35 cents. The largest and most valuable musical *Monthly* yet produced.

THE LITTLE FOLKS. Chicago: Adams, Blackmer & Lyon. Its name bespeaks what its character should be, but a far more suitable Scripture quotation for "little folks" could be found to begin it with, than Rom. viii., 6th. It does better as it goes along.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY for February is full of attractions—fashion plates, music, poetry and a good talk to and about women by Jenny June. New York: 838 Broadway. $3 a year; single copy, 10 cents.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT. Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher. Ford & Co., 39 Park Row. 10 cents single. $3 a year.

THE NEW ART SENSATION.

MR. THOMAS THOMPSON'S pictures are now on Exhibition in the Gallery of Messrs. Leeds & Miner, and the two large apartments above Mr. Dunham's Piano Warerooms; and the public have at length the opportunity afforded them of estimating fairly their great value and in many cases unequalled merit.

The number is very large, larger than any private collection which has ever been exposed for sale in this country. In all, it amounts to close upon 1800 pictures, some of which are worth comparatively nothing, while a very large proportion of them are of an exceptional order of merit, constituting, indeed, one of the finest galleries of paintings which have ever been offered by an auctioneer to the public. That our readers may have some chance, ere they pay this collection a visit of appreciating its actual character, we will mention some of the choicer works which we looked at on the night of the private view and on the Monday following. There is one exquisite Rubens, painted with the usual freedom of brush and grace of color possessed by the Flemish masters. Another marvellously fine work also, comes from the pencil of one of the Italians—Bartolomeo Schidone. This is the "Triumph of Galatea," such a painting of the nude figure as we rarely see in America. There is a grand painting by Wimar of Dusseldorf, executed by the artist while in this country, representing an incident of our own Border Life—"Emigrants attacked by Indians," and an admirable cabinet copy of the most celebrated of Titian's paintings—the "Danae," by our own Sully. Two Angelica Kauffman's are in the gallery also, which in this country are sufficiently rare to take rank as gems. There are also an exceedingly curious and exceptional Jacques Stella works, by Reynolds, Opie, Gainsborough, Lebrun, Lawrence, Kneller, Lely, and our own Elliott, two Etty's, a splendid Xavery, a capital Earl, one of the very best Robbes we have ever seen, a grand Robert Huber (indeed, we think two, although Mr. Thompson attributed the other to another artist), a Dietricy, which is very small but wonderfully minute and careful, more than twenty Bierstadts of every degree of excellence, a Caracci (Ludoreo), and another said to be by

Annibal Caracci, a noble Jacob Jordaens, a genuine Turner, a Bonrher, a Greuzé, a James Hart, a Nazmyth, and a Brower.

Judging from the demands for Catalogues which have already been sent in, we should conclude that the sale will be a regular *Tourney* between the leading *Cognoscenti* of our large cities for the possession of the leading works in his collection. Nor do we believe that the Executrix, Mrs. Thompson, will find any reason for regretting his picture mania, inasmuch as it was not only supported by a banker's account equal to the purchase of anything on which he set his fancy, but also, by a thoroughly refined taste in most classes of art.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have one of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing-Machines, which has been in constant use for the past fifteen (15) years. It has never been repaired, and to-day is in perfect order, and is equal for all kinds of work to any machine I have yet seen. It has been used making heavy clothing, beside doing all manner of family sewing, and I think it gets better every day.

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